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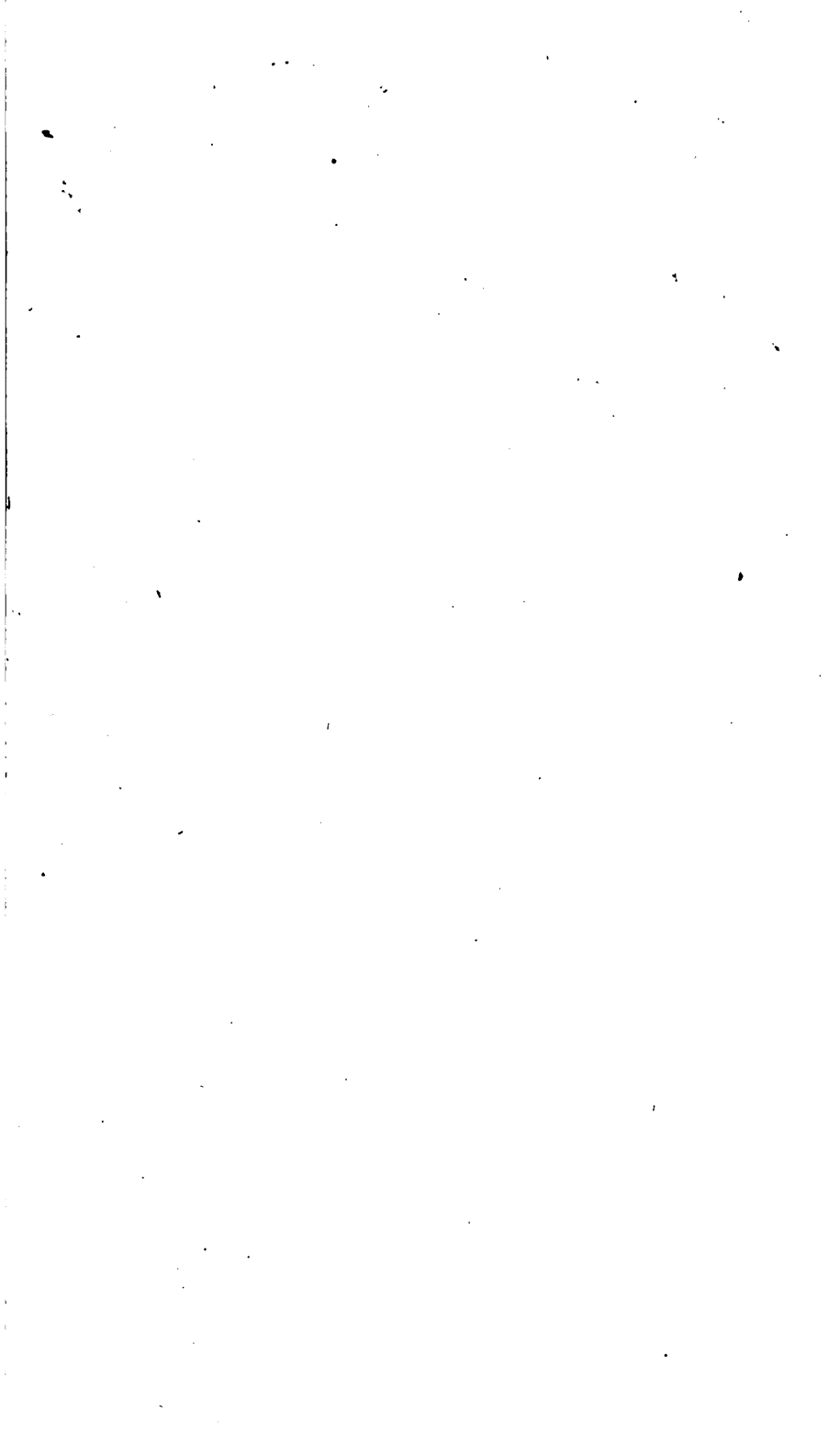


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Johann Christoph Unser  
1747-1809.

PROF. H. G. FIEDLER.

# THE INQUISITOR;

*adapted from Diego and Leonora*  
(1775) by J. C. Unwin  
A PLAY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL

IN THE

MAY-MARKET.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. G. AND J. ROBINSON,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE following play was listened to with laughter and contempt. It was treated in the same spirit, by most of our journals, immediately after its first appearance. It is published, not with the expectation of deriving profit; for, after the character of it that has gone abroad, such hope would be childish; but that those, who either by accident or from a desire of doing justice shall happen to read it, may determine how far the language, sentiments, and general conduct of the piece, deserve the ridicule it encountered.

The Prologue and Epilogue were written by Mr. Waldron, Prompter to the Theatre where they were spoken. Till the time of sending them to the press, the Author of the Play had neither heard nor read them: because he was unfortunately absent while it was in preparation.

X The INQUISITOR is in part translation, and in part original. *Diego et Leonor*, in the fifth volume of the *Nouveau Théâtre Allemand*, furnished the materials which the Author employed.

Passages were advantageously omitted in representation; which, for the closet, it is perhaps advantageous to retain: for this reason they are printed.

## PROLOGUE.

*Spoken by MR. C. KEMBLE.*

**W**HEN you would wish to be alone,  
To read, or write, or (may be) neither,  
And Lady Jane or Madam Joan  
Intrudes, pray tell me what is either,  
But an unwelcome visitor?

And what is he, whose piercing eye  
Would search into your heart's recess;  
Who cruelly doth peer and pry,  
To publish, not relieve distress,  
But an abhorr'd Inquisitor!

In winter, when you're left alone  
By summer friends, who fly foul weather,  
Should one attend your sigh and moan,  
And serve you to his utmost tether,  
He were a welcome visitor!

And should he strive to sound your mind,  
The wish to learn you dare not speak;  
That wish not only thus should find,  
But bring what you in vain might seek,  
He were a kind Inquisitor!

Now whether we to-night shall shew  
A kind or cruel one's a question  
I answer not, to friend or foe,  
But leave it to their own suggestion;  
I only crave each visitor

To let his heart go with our scenes;  
To touch the heart we aim to-night!  
'Twill soon shew what the author means:  
But, if you must be told downright,  
Enquire of The Inquisitor!

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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<i>The Patriarch</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Aickin.
<i>Alberto</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Johnston.
<i>Francisco</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Barrymore.
<i>Fernando</i>	-	-	-	Mr. C. Kemble.
<i>Don Manuel</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Trueman.
<i>Lelio</i>	-	-	-	Mr. R. Palmer.
<i>Alguazil</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Caulfield.
<i>Servant</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Abbott.
<i>Attendants, &amp;c.</i>				
<i>Leonora</i>	-	-	-	Miss De Camp.
<i>Violante</i>	-	-	-	Miss Heard.
<i>Licia</i>	-	-	-	Mrs. Harlowe.

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# THE INQUISITOR,

## A PLAY.

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### ACT I.

#### SCENE I.—*A Chamber.*

DONNA VIOLANTE *meeting a servant.*

SERVANT.

DON Manuel is just arrived, Madam.

*Viol.* Don Manuel! Heaven be praised! Shew him up.

*Servant.* He is here.

*Exit.*

#### SCENE II.—DON MANUEL and DONNA VIOLANTE.

*Viol.* Welcome, welcome!—What is the matter? How you look! What has happened? Nay, speak!

*Man.* Oh Violante!—Where is Leonora?

*Viol.* Walking in the garden. Is not Alberto with you?

B

*Man.* Would

~~Man.~~ Would he were! ~~He is in a dungeon.~~

*Viol.* Alberto! What is his crime?

*Man.* Nothing worthy of that name.

*Viol.* Who then are his accusers?

*Man.* The holy brotherhood: the sacred and terrible inquisition.

*Viol.* Heavens!

*Man.* Leonora must not be told.

*Viol.* Oh no! Such is her over-powering affection, it would strike her to the heart; it would distract her. Who is the cause of this?

*Man.* The German Count; the friend of Alberto.

*Viol.* Which way?

*Man.* Two days ago the Count had a duel with an Italian, who followed him for that purpose from Naples. Alberto could not refuse to be the second of his friend and countryman.

*Viol.* Did the Count fall?

*Man.* He did, and was conveyed back to his hotel mortally wounded. He and his friend are protestants, and the well intentioned but bigotted master of the house sent for the fathers of a neighbouring monastery, lest he should die unsanctified and reprobate. In vain, when they came, did Alberto urge such ceremonies were offensive to his friend, who wished to expire in peace. At first they pitied Alberto's ignorance; but, when he persisted, they treated his obstinacy with anger and contempt.

*Viol.* Which he unguardedly resented?

*Man.* No. His patience was admirable till no intreaties could prevail on the zealous fathers to desist. He then, too rudely, interposed,  
and

and expelled them from the chamber, they calling for aid in the name of heaven and the king.

*Viol.* The superstitious people took the alarm?

*Man.* Oh, yes! they ran in crowds, were instantly inflamed, and the officers of the holy inquisition soon arrived, so that Alberto had scarcely time to glide his tablets into my hand, and whisper me to depart and console his ever beloved Leonora. The Count, in his last agonies, was left without succour, and died a witness of this fearful scene, while Alberto and his servants were yesterday conveyed to the Santa Casa.

*Viol.* Yesterday! Why then were you not here sooner?

*Man.* I too was arrested, and have undergone interrogation. Padre Francisco, who examined me, could not conceal his antipathy to Alberto.

*Viol.* He never loved Alberto, but the patriarch is an upright man; and, being chief inquisitor, will not suffer the innocent to be condemned.

*Man.* Were there no other crime, Alberto has offended the laws by having been the second of his friend.

*Viol.* But this is a civil, not a religious offence.

*Man.* Vain distinction. The zealous fathers must lose every hope of obliging Alberto to abjure the religion of his country, before they will suffer him to escape the dungeons of the inquisition.

### SCENE III. *Enter LELIO.*

*Lel.* Help, help, Madam, for Donna Leonora!

*Viol.* Where? What?



## THE INQUISITOR;

*Lel.* She has fainted in the garden. She knows every thing. *[Exit DONNA VIOLANTE.]*

## SCENE IV.

*Man.* Knows! Which way?

*Lel.* Forgive me, Sir. I have been obliged to confess.

*Man.* You?

*Lel.* I am not to blame.

*Man.* Did not I caution you to keep out of her fight?

*Lel.* Yes, but she saw me from the garden; and, though I began to run, she first called, and then sent after me. Where is your master, Lelio, said she? I answered I could not tell; but she perceived by my looks that was not the truth: so fixing her eyes on mine, she commanded me to tell her what brought me back without my master? On which I was obliged to confess you were here.

*Man.* Blockhead!

*Lel.* What could I do? She looked into my very thoughts. When she heard you were come without your friend, her countenance changed. Answer me, Lelio, said she: tell me the truth. Is Don Alberto dead? Heaven forbid, Madam, said I! Dead? No, he is only shut up in the Santa Casa. Simpleton that I was, she had so taken me by surprise, I had forgotten this was worse than death, so that I could do no other than tell her all I knew.

*Man.* And what have you told?

*Lel.*

*Lel.* Every thing I have seen, and all I had heard you repeat.

*Man.* And how did she receive the news?

*Lel.* She stood like a statue! she did not shed a tear, nor heave one sigh; though, for my own part, while I was telling the story, I cried like a child; but every now and then she turned as pale as death.

*Man.* And neither wept nor spoke?

*Lel.* Not a word. When I had done, she stood for some minutes without seeming to breathe, till I and her maid Licia began to be frightened, and begged her to come in. At last she moved, and said—Then Alberto will not return to day? To which I answered, that things being as they are, I did not think he could: on which she gently laid her hand on my shoulder, then looked at Licia, endeavoured to smile, and dropped lifeless to the earth.

*Man.* Dreadful conflict!

*Lel.* I almost fear it will be her death.

*Man.* You have been imprudent, Lelio, and must be more guarded.

*Lel.* I will! Indeed, indeed, Sir, I will! I very well know how dearly they love each other.

*Man.* Love! Who?

*Lel.* Donna Leonora and Don Alberto. 'Tis ten thousand pities he is a heretic! I could not have supposed it, for I had always been told heretics are monsters.

*Man.* Lelio, observe what I say. Should you discover to any one what has passed here between Alberto and Leonora——

*Lel.* Me, Sir? Never, never!

*Man.*

*Man.* I do not suspect your fidelity, but your fears. They may betray my friends to destruction.

*Lel.* Holy St. Jago, forbid!

*Man.* Leonora is recovered, and is coming. Be gone; but think of the consequences should you suffer the truth to escape.

*Lel.* I'll pray for more grace! [Exit.]

SCENE V. Enter LEONORA, supported by  
VIOLANTE and LICIA.

*Leon.* Fear nothing, dear Violante, I am better. It was only a first alarm. It came so unexpectedly. But judges are just, and Alberto is innocent.—The Santa Casa?—Well, well!—Good day, Don Manuel. Alberto must suffer, but you are free: that is some consolation.

*Man.* All will be well. Calm your agitated spirits. You will still be happy.

*Leon.* Shall I?

*Man.* Pleasures are ever mixed with pain. 'Tis the lot of man. Hitherto you have tasted the sweets of love; and, that they may still be more sweet, they must be watered with tears.

*Leon.* Must they?

*Viol.* A heart so excellent, so pure, and so affectionate, cannot always be unhappy.

*Leon.* Excellent? Pure? Alas! I love Alberto, and Alberto is a heretic. Will not Padre Francisco tell me that is a mortal sin? But no. The soul of Alberto is committed to my charge: he shall be my convert, and I shall obtain pardon and blessing.

*Kiol.* Oh, cherish the thought!

*Leon.* Perhaps they will wish to tear him from me, to separate us for ever. No: it cannot be! It shall not be! I will not endure it. They have cast him in their dungeons; they have placed barriers of steel and stone between us; yet is he present; his image is here. It smiles in my face, beams in my eye, and lives in my heart.

*Viol.* Dearest Leonora, have pity on your friends; your wild and steadfast looks terrify me.

*Man.* From the woman whom Alberto loves, I hoped to have found more fortitude.

*Leon.* Fortitude! True. In the secret chambers of the inquisition there are racks, and pulleys, and torturing instruments. What then? Alberto and I have fortitude.

*Man.* Nay, this is rather frenzy. Fortitude is more tranquil.

*Leon.* If I could but weep.

*Man.* A chair, Licia.—Sit down, collect yourself.

*Leon.* (*sits*) One tear! One tear!

*Man.* You that have ever been so gentle, and docile.

*Leon.* (*rises*) What would you have me do? Is he not in the Santa Casa? Who administers comfort to him? Is he calm?

*Man.* Yes.

*Leon.* No. He remembers me. Does he not, Violante?

*Viol.* Most certainly.

*Leon.* Hark how sweet his voice! Hear him! He vows to be mine! In life, in death, in torture,

ture, or in bliss, everlastingly mine! Ay! That way consolation comes.

*Viol.* Then be that consolation yours.

*Man.* Solitude is sweeter to him than any society in which he could not converse of you.

*Leon.* Is it? Why ay, it is: it must be so. *(Sinks again on the chair.)* You see, Violante, how easily I am persuaded.

*Viol.* Thanks to my kind and gentle friend.

*Leon.* What is he doing? A dark dungeon—under the earth—dug like a grave—no cheering fun beams there.

*Viol.* Nay, think not of that.

*Leon.* Will they not let him write to me?—Write? *(starting up)* Heavens! Dreadful thought! Where are the letters he had of mine?

*Man.* His whole effects have been seized by the holy tribunal.

*Leon.* Seized? Letters under my own hand? Then all is discovered. My uncle!

*Man.* Will hear it, and 'twere best he should hear it from you.

*Leon.* Think you so?

*Viol.* 'Tis pity he is now with the Court at Bellem.

*Leon.* Nay, that shall not impede. Haste, Licia! My carriage! Fly! *[Exit LICIA.]*

## SCENE VI.

*Leon.* Duty as well as love commands; ought I not to obey Violante?

*Viol.* If you have the courage——

*Leon.*

*Leon.* Courage? Alberto is in danger.

*Viol.* 'Twere better the Patriarch should learn the truth from you, than hear the tale of Padre Francisco, who will not, I fear, tell it to your advantage. But are you enough collected? Were it not better that I should go?

*Leon.* Oh, no, my generous friend. My uncle loves me; I have won his heart. It is not long since he told me the story of his youth. He was once in love, like me. But this is a secret, Violante.

*Viol.* The eloquence of angels dwell upon your tongue. May they inspire those gentle thoughts and soothing words which best may move your uncle's pity!

*Leon.* Oh Alberto! Saw you the jailor, Don Manuel? Can he feel compassion? Has he a heart?

*Man.* I should hope so.

*Leon.* I should hope so too—Loaded with irons? Alberto? Savage men! But thou art suffering while I delay. Either I will relieve or share thy miseries. I come, noblest and best of men! On the wings of love, I fly!

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT I.

C

ACT

## A C T II.

## SCENE I. DON MANUEL, and VIOLANTE.

*Man.* IS Leonora yet departed?

*Viol.* No, her impatient love is angry at the tedious servants. I fear she should fail, yet she has great power with the Patriarch.

*Man.* And I most fear Padre Francisco.

*Viol.* 'Tis a deep designing man, one that my heart cannot love.

*Man.* His brother, Don Fernando, aspires to the hand of Leonora; and the reverend father is ambitious of seeing himself allied to one of the most illustrious families in Portugal.

*Viol.* Nor is that all; he has a personal hatred of Alberto. Their difference of opinion and principles has occasioned disputes, in which the superior genius of Alberto has been victorious.

*Man.* That is, indeed, an injury which none but the noble mind can pardon.

## SCENE II. LELIO, and afterward ALBERTO.

*Lel.* Sir, sir,—a word, if you please.

*Man.* What is the matter?

*Lel.* (*whispering*) He is come! he is here!

*Man.* Who? (*Lelio whispers him in the ear*) Are you dreaming?

*Lel.* Look! he is now coming through the gallery! (*Manuel is going, and Alberto enters in a hunting-dress, with his hair loose, and a fowling piece in his hand.*)

*Man.*

*Man. (Running into his arms)* Heavens! Alberto!

*Viol.* And at liberty?

*Alb. (Looking round)* Leonora! Where is Leonora?

*Viol.* In her own apartment.

*Alb.* Is she well? Is she happy? Is she informed of what has happened?

*Man.* She is, but it was by Lelio's inadvertence.

*Alb.* Fly, Violante! Tell her I am here.

*Viol.* Not too suddenly—that were dangerous.

*Alb.* Dangerous! What mean you? Is she ill? *(going)* My Leonora!

*Man. (preventing him)* Be not rash—you know her strong affections.

*Alb.* Celestial creature! Know them? Ay, I know them, for I feel them! All! all!—Keep me not on the rack!—Is she safe?—Speak!

*Viol.* She is.

*Alb.* Why do you answer thus faintly? Tell me at once what has befallen her!

*Man.* Nothing but extreme anguish for her Alberto.

*Alb.* Soul of my soul! Delight of my eyes!—Why am I thus withheld?—Lead me to Leonora!

*Viol.* Her spirits have been much agitated; I will prepare her for this unexpected joy. Remain here till we come; and do you, Lelio, keep watch in the gallery. *[Exeunt VIOLANTE and LELIO.]*

### SCENE III.

*Alb. (Speaking after her)* Delay not, I conjure you; for my stay must be short, and my flight immediate.



*Man.* Are you not then in safety?

*Alb.* Oh no! miserable man! I come but to bid, perhaps, an eternal adieu to Leonora. Eternal? Eternal? No! Rather than that, welcome the dark chamber, the black tribunal, and the sanguinary judge! Welcome persecution, torture, death, and every horror blind and raging bigotry knows to inflict!

*Man.* Here, and by stealth! Elude the keen jailors, and the massy walls of the Santa Casa! It is miraculous! By what——

*Alb.* Hark!

*Leon.* (*without*) It cannot be.

*Alb.* 'Tis Leonora!

*Man.* Quick! Retire into this apartment, and watch the proper moment to appear. Be careful, lest the too sudden turn of the strong tide of passion prove fatal. Away. [*Exit ALBERTO.*

#### SCENE IV. *Enter LEONORA and VIOLANTE.*

*Leon.* But are you certain, Violante?

*Viol.* It is possible he may soon be here. Ask Don Manuel.

*Leon.* Who has given you the information?

*Man.* A friend from the Santa Casa, who says  
• Alberto may be expected every hour, nay, every minute.

*Leon.* Beware; do not deceive me—foster no false hopes, the end of which may be insupportable despair. It is not to be believed! The holy tribunal is not so prompt to release its prisoners.

*Viol.* We tell you nothing but the truth. It is said he has escaped from prison,

*Leon.*

*Leon.* Escaped! Where is he then? Escaped, and not here! And you, Don Manuel, would you not fly to succour your friend?

*Man.* He remains concealed, till he can find a place of safety.

*Leon.* Safety! Where could he be so safe as here? 'Tis here he lives (*with her hand to her heart*) Perhaps he has fled this persecuting land? If so, I must follow. Speak not against it—I must follow.

*Viol.* No, Leonora, he will not leave Portugal till he first has seen you.

*Leon.* I think he will not—my heart tells me he cannot. Where art thou, my well-beloved? Art thou unshackled, art thou free, and not with Leonora?

SCENE V. *Enter ALBERTO.*

*Leon.* Ah! (*a shriek of joy*) He is here! (*They fall into each other's arms, unable to speak*) 'Tis too much! Such excess of joy and sorrow is not to be borne (*pause*)—Speak to me, Alberto, why dost thou not speak?

*Alb.* I cannot—Leonora! My soul! Leonora!

*Leon.* Pride of my heart, lord of my affections, art thou once more mine?

*Alb.* Thine everlastingly!

*Leon.* Which way didst thou escape?

*Alb.* I have not time for the tedious tale. Leonora! My life! My love! Do I once again press thee to my heart?

*Leon.* Thou dost, and we'll part no more! Never, never! I scarcely yet can believe thou'rt here!

here ! Oh, say by what supernatural aid thou once again art free.

*Alb.* In brief, I was locked in a chamber with an English prisoner, an unfortunate man, whose sufferings have been incredible. Ten years had he been confined in damp and fearful darkness, till his bent knees, yellow face, hollow eye, and meagre marrowless bones, had rendered him a spectre, more even of horror than of pity. I questioned him, and thought him dumb, for he answered not. Wearied by these efforts, I uttered an exclamation in his native tongue. At this he suddenly rose, and asked, in a trembling but fearful voice, if I were an Englishman ? I then related my story ; which having heard, he cried, 'tis fortunate for thee, young man, that I am thus informed ; for I was meditating when and how to murder thee.

*Leo.* Murder !

*Alb.* This is the night, continued he, destined for my escape ; to-morrow it would be too late ; and I feared, by thy coming, it might have been prevented. He then discovered a gap he had dug in the wall, by means of which his purpose was to be effected.

*Man.* And he made you the companion of his flight ?

*Alb.* He did ; nor here bounded his generous care, but took me to his countryman, an English lord, who supplied me with the disguise in which you see me ; otherwise, the dress I had been obliged to put on, at the Santa Casa, would, when daylight came, have instantly discovered me.

*Leon.* Yet these generous English are heretics !

*Alb.*

*Alb.* Anxious for my safety, and more noble in heart even than in name, the English lord has promised to secure me a passage on board the vessel in which he means immediately to return to England.

*Leon.* England, Alberto! Did I hear thee right? Fly and leave me! Impossible!—And yet go thou must.

*Viol.* Arm yourself, dearest friend, with hope and courage.

*Alb.* My flight, perhaps, will not be so easily accomplished.

*Man.* That is my greatest fear.

*Alb.* The captain is to be informed of our measures, and intelligence sent to me, addressed to Donna Violante.

*Viol.* The caution was prudent. I need not dwell on the danger of the moment. Were you a second time taken, you know the miseries that await us all. You must not be seen even by the servants, Lelio and Licia excepted, who already know you are here. The only place of safety is the pavilion—there you must remain till the evening, and then depart.

*Leon.* Depart, Violante!

*Viol.* Or perish, Leonora. Come with me, Don Manuel, that you may watch in the garden, while I send away the servants. Alberto may then pass the corridor, and through the covered walk into the pavilion, without being seen.

[*Exeunt Violante and Don Manuel.*]

SCENE VI. ALBERTO and LEONORA passionately regarding each other.

*Leon.* Alberto!

*Alb.* Leonora!

*Leon.*

*Leon.* My lord! My husband! (*falling in his arms.*)

*Alb.* My bride! My virgin bride! Oh, what a fate is our's!

*Leon.* (*with her eyes fixed*) Alberto, we will not part.

*Alb.* Shall we not?

*Leon.* Never.

*Alb.* 'Tis a fearful moment!—A trial beyond the strength of man! And yet——

*Leon.* Forbear! We will not part—sit down. (*They sit on a sofa*) Give me thy hand—Look at me, Alberto—Swear thou wilt not leave me.

*Alb.* Leave thee!

*Leon.* 'Tis already sworn! Sworn upon the altar! Heaven has registered the oath.

*Alb.* Leonora, wrong not my affection thus. Leave thee! Is there need of oaths? Leave thee! Oh God! Oh God!

*Leon.* Then we will not part.

*Alb.* What can be done? Surely a short absence is not a separation.

*Leon.* Short, say'st thou! A month is an eternity! Shall we then place years and seas between us? It cannot be, Alberto. It shall not be. I am thy wife. Here we are—the present is in our power—the future is hopeless and horrible.

*Alb.* Be it so; Leonora shall be obeyed—I will remain. What care I for tortures, or ——

*Leon.* Thou dost not understand me, Alberto. Thou dost not yet know me. We must not part—yet thou must fly.

*Alb.* And thou fly with me!

*Leon.* Why art thou startled? Was not this  
our

our plan, and is it injured by being hastened?—  
What are thy fears?

*Alb.* The worst that can rack the heart of man  
—the loss of thee!

*Leon.* Hear me, Alberto. My letters are seized  
—our secrets are betrayed. 'Tis known that,  
though our nuptial vows are pledged, I am yet thy  
virgin bride. A divorce may be obtained—my  
uncle will prevent my flight—I shall lose thee, and  
here meet my death. Here, alone! without  
breathing my last sigh on my husband's lips! I  
shall be buried where thou must never return—  
Thou must never even drop a tear upon my tomb!

*Alb.* Forbear! If thou would'st not behold  
me frantic, and my brain burst with desperate  
thoughts, I conjure thee to forbear.

*Leon.* Where then is the happiness in which our  
hopes had revelled? Oh! it breaks my heart that  
thy first purpose should be to fly from Portugal,  
and leave me here.

*Alb.* Again leave thee? Leonora, thou wert  
not used to wrong me thus.

*Leon.* Was it not?

*Alb.* In the distraction of my heart, I knew not  
what my purpose was; but when I told my story  
to our English friends, I obtained promise of a  
passage for thee.

*Leon.* Yet, should the ship be stopped, thou  
would'st be seized as a fugitive and a ravisher; and  
thy death would be certain.

*Alb.* 'Tis no less certain should I again fall  
into the hands of the inquisition. Their laws are  
death to those who but attempt to escape their  
cruelties.

*Leon.* Dreadful alternative! I cannot live with-

out thee? No, I cannot. Wilt thou not find more consolation, if die we must, to die together, than to expire the victim of a barbarian bigotry?

*Alb.* Can'st thou ask? Can'st thou doubt? Angel of constancy and love, yes (*embracing*) Thou art the balm of my heart—the treasure of my soul—and, blessed or miserable, our fate shall be one.

*Leon.* This very night we'll fly on board together. There I shall be everlastingly thine. Haste then, propitious darkness, haste to unite those whom virtue, love, and nature, formed each for the other. Oh, how my spirits bound! How light, they feel!

*Alb.* Leonora, I have one prayer to make.

*Leon.* 'Tis granted; speak.

*Alb.* Should we be discovered——

*Leon.* Well!

*Alb.* At that moment, 'ere they can load my limbs with fetters, 'ere they can apply the rack, and stretch the breaking sinews——

*Leon.* Oh!

*Alb.* Shall I——

*Leon.* What?

*Alb.* Obtain death from thy hand?

*Leon.* (*Suddenly shudders, then recovers, and firmly gives her hand to Alberto*) Thou shalt—— But——It must be returned! 'Tis horrible! but 'tis so decreed. Thou must die by my hand—— and I by thine.

*Alb.* (*With a cry of terror*) Never!

*Leon.* It must be so.

*Alb.* Impossible!

*Leon.* Thou thinkest, perhaps, I mean a poniard? No. Seest thou this phial of gold? 'Twas thy

A PLAY.

thy gift. It shall be filled with death's most precious balm——Or what if, standing on the vessel's brink, locked in each other's arms, we plunge into the deep? 'Tis the lover's death. Wilt thou?

*Alb.* Think not of it.

*Leon.* Nay, but wilt thou?

*Alb.* (*Pause*) I will.

*Leon.* Thy word is given?

*Alb.* It is.

*Leon.* Oh, sacred contract! I now am satisfied. Who shall part us now?

SCENE VII. *LICIA enters hastily.*

*Lic.* A servant, madam, is just arrived from the Patriarch, who sends to inform you he returns to-day to Lisbon, accompanied by Don Fernando, and that they will visit you as they pass.

*Leon.* Heavens!

*Alb.* Don Fernando?

*Lic.* He comes to pay his court to you, madam.

*Leon.* Alberto, all is lost!

*Alb.* How, and why? Your uncle is ignorant that I am here.

*Leon.* Nay, but why should he precisely come to-day?

*Alb.* His business at Court is finished. I may remain concealed while he stays.

*Leon.* But how shall I meet his eye? What shall I answer when he tells me of thy escape? Has not Padre Francisco already informed him of our love?

*Alb.* Calm thyself, Leonora. They cannot have met—there has not been time.



## THE INQUISITOR;

*Leon.* Suppose it; yet, how shall I meet his embraces? how receive his affectionate farewell? Tender as he has ever been to me, and conscious that I am tearing myself for ever from his arms, the terrors of my own deceit will betray me.

*Alb.* Leonora would revoke her purpose then?

*Leon.* Cruel Alberto! Never. My uncle is much—but my husband is more.

*Lic.* What answer shall I return to the servant, madam?

*Leon.* I cannot tell. Inform Donna Violante I wish to speak with her.

*Alb.* To what end? The visit of the Patriarch cannot be avoided. Say your lady will be delighted to receive her uncle, and then desire Donna Violante, and Don Manuel, to come here.

[*Exit Licia.*]

### SCENE VIII.

*Alb.* It is even possible that happy consequences may result from this interview.

*Leon.* Oh that it were!

*Alb.* Should your uncle be convinced of my innocence, he has the power to give orders to pursue me no farther; our flight would then be less dangerous.

### SCENE IX. *Enter VIOLANTE and DON MANUEL.*

*Viol.* I am told the Patriarch is coming.

*Leon.* It is but too true. Advise me, dear Violante, how to act.

*Viol.*

*Viol.* Why are you alarmed? You have reason to rejoice.

*Leon.* How happy have I ever been to see him arrive—but now his coming will but derange our plans.

*Viol.* What plans? Those with which your friends are acquainted, or others that you have lately formed?

*Alb.* Why that question?

*Man.* Nay, do not dissemble, Alberto. If we may believe Licia, and your mutual looks, you have resolved on flight. Think not we would prevent you—follow felicity wherever it calls, but be prudent. What do you intend? Mean you to abandon your country, friends, and fortune, Leonora?

*Leon.* Country, friends, and fortune, all are here (*taking the hand of Alberto*) Yet think not, Violante, my heart is dead to friendship.

*Viol.* No, Leonora, I will not do you that wrong.

*Man.* You, Alberto, must retire, or you will be discovered. I will shew you the pavilion. Lelio shall occasionally bring you tidings of all that passes, while I will speedily traverse the city, and endeavour to learn whether you are suspected of being here. In the evening I will return, and conduct you to the ship.

*Leon.* But you will be punctual?

*Man.* As your own wishes.

*Leon.* Let us then retire, Violante. I have much to do. My spirits are disordered, and my heart alarmed. This is the first time I meet an uncle with fear, whom I have ever beheld with pleasure. Should he be informed of our loves—

*Viol.*

*Viol.* That cannot be.

*Alb.* But, grant it were, are not our resolutions taken, *Leonora*?

*Leon.* Can'st thou ask? Judge of my affection by thy own. Come, *Violante*. A thousand thanks, *Don Manuel*, for your friendship to *Alberto*. Would the night were here, and the sails were spread. But this is no time for hesitation. Summon thy courage, *Alberto*—think of me in the pavilion. Not a minute shall pass but I will offer up prayers for thy safety. Remember our mutual promise (*significantly*) In life, or death—Remember!

[*Exeunt Leonora and Violante.*]

### SCENE X.

*Alb.* Can I forget? (*Gazing after Leonora*)

*Man.* (*calls*) *Lelio*!

*Enter LELIO.*

*Lel.* Sir?

*Man.* Stay here, and attend on *Don Alberto*, who will remain concealed in the pavilion. Mark me—be cautious and discreet. You understand.

*Lel.* Perfectly.

*Man.* Follow, then. Come, my friend.

*Alb.* A few hours, and this distraction of thought, this conflict of love and ruin, will be over. Either *Leonora* will be mine, and I shall be the most blessed of men, or death will relieve us from all the tortures which fanatic ignorance, and frantic zeal, deem it a duty to inflict.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT

## A C T III.

SCENE I. *A magnificent Garden, with a Pavilion in view.*

PADRE FRANCISCO, and an ALGUAZIL, meeting.

*P. Fran.* **N**OW, Alguazil?

*Alg.* Good day, reverend Padre.

*P. Fran.* By what accident are you here? Of whom are you in pursuit?

*Alg.* Did not you command me to diligently search these environs? I heard you were come here, and I followed.

*P. Fran.* If you bring any intelligence, you have done well; otherwise you may obstruct my plans. I am familiar here, and unsuspected; but, if you have been seen, our intentions are betrayed. Where are your followers?

*Alg.* So stationed round the house that Don Alberto cannot escape.

*P. Fran.* Are you sure he is here? While you are on the watch, he may be flying full speed toward the frontiers, and mocking at our vain pursuits.

*Alg.* I have little doubt but he is in this house; he was seen at day-break coming from the hotel of an English nobleman, disguised in a hunting dress, and bending his way hither.

*P. Fran.*

*P. Fran.* I know that Englishman: he, like his countrymen, daring and audacious, braves our holy terrors.

*Alg.* I endeavoured to bribe his servants, but I found them as silent and as furly as their master.

*P. Fran.* Thus we have no certainty that Alberto is here; or, if he have been, he would scarcely have staid: he would have been better advised. And yet youth is so imprudent, and love so rash.

SCENE II. *Enter LICIA.*

*Lic.* Leonora sends salutation, reverend Padre, and is sorry that she cannot receive your visit.

*P. Fran.* Is she indisposed?

*Lic.* Not dangerously; though enough to keep her chamber.

*P. Fran.* It grieves me to hear it. Gentle, kind, and pious, as she is, I could not but call, as I happened to be in the neighbourhood. I hope it will not be taken amiss.

*Lic. (Going)* Donna Violante will wait on you.

*P. Fran.* One word, my good girl.

*Lic.* What are your commands?

*P. Fran.* You know me?

*Lic.* Who does not? You are Padre Francisco, the brother of Don Fernando, and are a frequent visitor here.

*P. Fran. (Flattering)* Yes, but you know my good intentions, *(solemnly)* and my sacred office.

*Lic.* A zealous inquisitor.

*P. Fran. (Awfully)* Ay, remember that. I have a question to ask, *(with some menace)* and I hope you will answer me sincerely.

*Lic.*

*Lic.* My mistress is waiting; permit me to deliver my message, and return.

*P. Fran.* Only a minute. (*anxiously watching her looks.*) You have no doubt heard of the misfortune that has befallen Don Alberto?

*Lic.* (*Embarrassed*)—Don Alberto?—Oh yes. They say he has been taken to the Santa Casa. I could not have thought so good a gentleman capable of so great a crime!

*P. Fran.* Have you heard too that he is at liberty?

*Lic.* Is it possible? Then he is innocent. I am glad of that, though he is a heretic.

*P. Fran.* Not entirely innocent, though his offence is, perhaps, less than was supposed. For my part, I wish him immediately to leave the kingdom. Why persecute a poor stranger? Yet I should have desired his conversion. We must, however, appear to pursue the fugitive, and we have received intelligence that he is here.

*Lic.* (*Terrified.*) Here?

*P. Fran.* Ay, here!

*Lic.* Dear, dear, no! What should he do here?

*P. Fran.* (*Hypocritical friendship.*) If, by chance, you know where he is concealed, tell him I entreat him, as a friend, immediately to fly, lest I should be obliged again to have him arrested.

*Lic.* That, that—I would most willingly, reverend Padre, if I knew any thing on earth of his escape.

*P. Fran.* I mention this to you, Licia, because I know you are a pious and prudent girl: for, were it discovered that I send this advice to Don Alberto, you know not to what dangers I should be exposed. Speak therefore freely.

E

*Lic.*

*Lic.* Indeed, indeed, reverend Padre, I have nothing to say.

*P. Fran.* Be less suspicious, child, (*significantly*) you will have no cause to repent of placing confidence in me.

*Lic.* I—I—I have nothing to confide.

*P. Fran.* Have you not? (*with a voice to terrify*) Alguazil, in the name of the holy tribunal, seize that impious woman.

*Lic.* (*Escapes crying*) Help! help! Save me!

[*Exit.*]

### SCENE III. *Enter LELIO.*

*Lel.* How now! What is the matter? (*Sees Padre Francisco, and endeavours to fly.*)

*P. Fran.* Stop him. (*The Alguazil brings Lelio forward.*) Are not you in the service of Don Manuel?

*Lel.* (*Fearful and confused.*) Yes, reverend Padre.

*P. Fran.* Is your master here?

*Lel.* He is gone to Lisbon, but will be back this evening, reverend Padre.

*P. Fran.* Did not he arrive this morning?

*Lel.* Yes, reverend Padre.

*P. Fran.* Why is he gone to Lisbon?

*Lel.* I do not know.

*P. Fran.* What brought him here?

*Lel.* I cannot tell.

*P. Fran.* You have seen Don Alberto?

*Lel.* Seen Don Alberto?—Oh!—Yes, I have seen him very often.

*P. Fran.* Here, my good friend, (*Offering him a purse*) take this.

*Lel.*

*Lel.* Pardon me, reverend Padre, I dare not.

*P. Fran.* Why?

*Lel.* Because I—I must not tell.

*P. Fran.* Must not?

*Lel.* I mean, I do not know.

*P. Fran.* Friend, be careful what you say! No equivocation! Tax your conscience, speak the truth. Have you seen Don Alberto this morning?

*Lel.* Seen him this morning, Sir?—I!—No.

*P. Fran.* Beware! Confess, or—

*Lel.* What must I confess? Is he not in prison?

*P. Fran.* (*With his solemn terrific voice*) Alguazil! Sieze the reprobate! Let him be bound, fettered, and thrown in a dungeon, where neither sound nor light can penetrate.

*Lel.* (*Falling on his knees.*) Mercy, mercy, mercy!

*P. Fran.* Impious miscreant! You shall there be taught to conceal a heretic.

*Lel.* Mercy, reverend Padre, and I will confess all! Do not burn me!

*P. Fran.* Answer, caitiff.—Is Alberto here?

*Lel.* Oh! yes, yes, yes!

*P. Fran.* Where is he concealed? Speak!—Instantly!

*Lel.* In the pavilion!—Oh that ever I was born! Treacherous guilty man!

*P. Fran.* Once more beware, lest the flames consume thee! Is that the truth?

*Lel.* It is! it is!

*P. Fran.* Rise. Who is with him?

*Lel.* Nobody. (*P. Francisco whispers, and gives the Alguazil instructions while Lelio speaks.*)



*Lel.* Where shall I hide my head? Wretch that I am! A traitor? Heaven have mercy on me! I a traitor? Oh that I had never been born!

*P. Fran.* (*Turning to Lelio.*) Is the pavilion open? Why does the fool tremble? Speak, I say! Is the pavilion open?

*Lel.* No, no, no.

*P. Fran.* And why is it not?

*Lel.* Because, because—

*P. Fran.* Because what?

*Lel.* It is locked.

*P. Fran.* Where is the key?

*Lel.* I, I—

*P. Fran.* The key, I say.

*Lel.* Here, here it is.

*P. Fran.* (*To the Alguazil.*) Take it and be cautious. *[Exit Alguazil.]*

#### SCENE IV.

*Lel.* Miserable man that I am! What have I done?

*P. Fran.* Calm your fears, I pardon your transgression provided you act prudently. You understand me.

*Lel.* Yes, yes. I don't know.

*P. Fran.* Mark me, then. Dare not to inform any one whatever of the discovery you have made to me.

*Lel.* Oh, no, no, no! Shame will not let me.

*P. Fran.* You may begone.

*Lel.* Go! May I go?

*P. Fran.* Yes.

*Lel.* Am I at liberty!

*P. Fran.* Have I not told thee, yes?

*Lel.*

*Lel.* Thank you, thank you, most reverend Padre!

*P. Fran.* I shall forbear to punish you.

*Lel.* Oh, thank you! thank you! thank you!

*P. Fran.* Nay more, I grant you plenary indulgence for a year.

*Lel.* Thank you, ten thousand thousand times!—Where shall I hide my head?—Thank you! thank you! Oh that I was in my grave!

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE V.

*P. Fran.* Why ay, we have him once more in the toils. What if he were suffered to escape?—It must not be! The enamoured lady might follow, my brother might lose her, and the hopes of our house be ruined. Beside, this Alberto is audacious, self-willed, and insolent; but the Santa Casa will soon allay the boiling fever of his blood.

## SCENE VI. *Enter VIOLANTE.*

*Viol.* Leonora desires, reverend Padre, to see you in her apartment, to enquire why you endeavoured to seize her maid, and for what purpose the Alguazil and his followers are here?

*P. Fran.* They attend on me.

*Viol.* Twere in vain to pretend ignorance of your motives; but you are a man of understanding, and will not be guided by blind and headlong zeal.

*P. Fran.* If you allude to Don Alberto, you must know that to convert him is a sacred duty, and a benefit, which my place and office oblige me to confer.

*Viol.*

*Viol.* But benefits forcibly conferred—

*P. Fran.* Are benefits still.

SCENE VII. LEONORA *behind the Scenes.*

*Leon.* Give way! Let me go!

*Viol.* What is the matter?

*Leon.* (*Entering.*) Help! help! Oh, Sir, help!

*P. Fran.* For whom?

*Leon.* Fly to his aid! The garden! The Alguazils! They are now assaulting him!

*Viol.* Heavens! Alberto?

*P. Fran.* Be pacified, daughter, they will not harm him; they do but follow my orders.

*Leon.* Your orders? Your's? Barbarous man!—Oh Alberto!—here let me die! (*Falls on a chair.*)

*Viol.* Why, Sir, is this violence? I scarcely can think it will be approved, either by your brother, or the Patriarch.

*P. Fran.* (*Sternly.*) That, Madam, is my care.

*Leon.* (*Rising.*) Drag me with him to the stake! for I too am a heretic!

*Viol.* Leonora! My tender friend! Recal your courage.

*Leon.* I have no courage. I wish for none. Death! death! (*Falls again on the chair.*)

*P. Fran.* (*To Leonora*) I pity your sorrows, daughter; but am more afflicted to see one so pious, and so gentle, act thus in defiance of our holy church, and endeavour to conceal an assassin, a rebel, and a heretic.

*Leon.* (*Turning and surveying him with fixed despair.*) Are you a sanctified and godly man?

Pardon

Pardon me, for methought I heard the impious voice of the prince of darkness! Perhaps you will save him? You are then an angel of light!

*P. Fran.* Would it were in my power!

*Leon.* And is it not?

*P. Fran.* Alas! no.

*Leon.* Then I will!——Poniards! Poison! Death!  
(*Runs wildly off followed by Violante.*)

SCENE VIII. ALBERTO brought in fettered by the ALGUAZIL and his attendants.

(*P. Francisco and Alberto regard each other haughtily.*)

*P. Fran.* So young man!

*Alb.* So, Inquisitor!

*Alg.* Here is a purse we found in his pocket  
(*Giving the purse.*)

*P. Fran.* You had no money when you escaped from the Santa Casa. Who supplied you with this? Answer.

*Alb.* I am not yet under the torture, Inquisitor!

*P. Fran.* You have a haughty brow, and must be taught humility.

*Alb.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Alg.* His resistance was violent; he was scarcely to be overcome. Two of my attendants are dangerously wounded, and I have not escaped (*Shewing his hand bound with a handkerchief stained with blood.*)

*P. Fran.* You have a severe account to render.

*Alb.* To whom?

*P. Fran.* To justice, and to me, your judge.

*Alb.* Ha, ha, ha!

*P. Fran.*

*P. Fran.* Am I indeed so contemptible?

*Alb.* Come. Your chains! Your dungeons! I am ready.

*P. Fran.* Be not in haste. Boys are rash.

*Alb.* Better be boy and rash, than man and villain.

*P. Fran.* Your disappointment I can well suppose is bitter. Leonora is not only beautiful but rich; and you shudder not at the name of ravisher.

*Alb.* Ravisher? Away! I but despise you.

*P. Fran.* You are wrong. Experience would teach you never to despise a powerful enemy. Do not mistake me, I am the enemy not of your person, but of your guilt.

*Alb.* Pshaw! Speak out! You are bold and undaunted in damning crimes. Why put on the stale mask of paltry common place hypocrisy?

*P. Fran.* A man of moderate prudence would have different looks, and different language.—It is not for the judge to appeal to the prisoner; yet I call on those to whom I best am known to witness how well I have obeyed the laws of my order, how irreproachable have been my character and conduct, and what the degree of confidence was which conferred on me the office I hold. To the person of Don Alberto I again affirm I am not the enemy.

*Alb.* Hark thee, Inquisitor! The father of lies affirms he is *thy friend*, but do not believe him.

*P. Fran.* The patient humility with which I endure these insults is my best answer.

*Alb.* Suffering Saint! Mark, Alguazil, how meek, how humble, and how patient is that scowling eye!

*P. Fran.*

*P. Fran.* Audacious youth ! thou makest the blackness of thy own thoughts the measure of mine. 'Tis thou art the impostor. Under the plausible veil of inexperience, thou art a practised seducer, adroit and dangerous.

*Alb.* Seducer ?

*P. Fran.* Ay, seducer ! An unknown vagrant ; prowling through foreign lands in search of credulous, puling, and unsuspecting virginity, on which falsehood, and a fair outside, may pass current. Miscreant adventurers, who soon or late are brought to the scaffold ; but not till they have ruined innocence, driven parents to distraction, and heaped on families eternal shame.

*Alb.* Thou seest I am fettered ; but, were I not, it would not be for thee to move my anger.

*P. Fran.* With a form so specious, a languishing air, manners that ape dignity, and now a respectful silence, and anon a pompous display of lofty sentiment and affected modesty, was it wonderful thou shouldst ensnare an innocent and ingenuous heart ? But these are cajoleries for girls. I grant that for thy years thou hast acquired some little stock of cunning. Poor fool ! Thou thoughtst it sufficient to deceive men like me. What blind temerity could urge thee to become the would-be rival of Don Fernando ?

*Alb.* Ay ! The brother of Padre Francisco ! Was it not insolent ? Holy and disinterested man, how I admire thee !

*P. Fran.* Were that brother's temporal benefit my chief care, I need but suffer thee to fly. But no, Don Fernando is the master of his own actions, and I should think he will not honour

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that

that weak woman with his hand, who, with light and idiot wantonness, offers her heart to thee.

*Alb.* Friar, beware! Utter no blasphemy against Leonora; lest, chained as I am, I tear thee piece-meal!

*P. Fran.* I thought thy anger was not to be moved by me.—Mark how calm my conduct is! But, no wonder: right is on my side. Go, and let it dwell on thy memory that I am to be thy accuser. Think on the crimes thou hast committed, and repent: this is friendly advice.

*Alb.* Humane and gentle Friar!

*P. Fran.* Nor would I have thee forget the scornful looks, and the opprobrious language thou hast bestowed on me.

*Alb.* Ha, ha, ha, should I forget them, thou wilt not.

*P. Fran.* No, I shall not. Officers! convey him to the pavilion.

*Alb.* Meanwhile, compassionate Inquisitor, ruminate on thy list of tortures; thy pullies, stretching cords, and dislocating shakes. Imagine thou seest my writhing limbs, and let thy merciful heart riot in my fancied agonies! Will not my groans delight thine ear? Ha, ha, ha! What if I should hold my breath, and smile? What if then, as now, I should laugh and despise both thee and them? Be moderate in thy desire of pleasure. Raise not thy hopes too high; I would not have thee disappointed, Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit guarded,*

## SCENE IX.

*P. Fran.* Away, haughty and deluded fool! Come hither officer. Let him not be removed  
til

till night. The Patriarch is pitiful, and 'ris well to avoid the shew of persecution. Watch, however, carefully: let no one approach him; and, should any such attempt be made, inform me of it.

*Alg.* Depend upon me. (*Delivers a letter.*)

*P. Fran.* What is this?

*Alg.* Another letter found upon Alberto, which in the first hurry of conveying him to prison, I forgot to give you.

*P. Fran.* (*Afide.*) How is this? (*Reads*) "To Don Duart Gonzago, Archbishop of San Salvador." What can it mean? Does not Alberto know the late Archbishop of Brazil is now the Patriarch?—Officer, hold no conversation, you or your assistants, with the prisoner, concerning the Patriarch: let not his name be so much as mentioned. As you regard my power, or my protection, be observant.

*Alg.* Most punctually.

*P. Fran.* End this affair with the zeal you have begun, and you shall soon be Alguazil Major. Go. [*Exit Alguazil.*]

## SCENE X.

*P. Fran.* What can this letter contain? Ought I to break the seal? That must be thought on: the consequences may be serious. To be daring with caution is the gift only of the sagacious: he has broken the laws, is guilty of heresy, has escaped from the Santa Casa, and treated an Inquisitor with contumely. Any of these offences are death. Where then is the



doubt, or where the danger? None. This letter, indeed, is in my hands, is a thing of trust, and ought, perhaps, to be delivered; but what are its contents? Ay! that is the question. No matter! That which has been daringly begun must be resolutely ended.

END OF ACT III.

ACT

## A C T IV.

SCENE I. PADRE FRANCISCO *and* DON FERNANDO.

*P. Fran.* **T**HE Patriarch, I hear, received my report coolly.

*Fern.* Is that surprising? He is dissatisfied with your conduct. To arrest this youth in the house of his niece was little less than an insult to himself. Methinks, good brother, you might have been more respectful.

*P. Fran.* That is your opinion.

*Fern.* Do you not perceive the Patriarch has no longer his former friendship for you?

*P. Fran.* What then? He that is powerful enough to defy the powerful, excites the admiration of the multitude.

*Fern.* You may thus become the table-talk of gossips and idlers, but 'tis a dangerous road to travel.

*P. Fran.* Most courageous brother! Dangerous?

*Fern.* Yes, though it excite your scorn.

*P. Fran.* Who will oppose Padre Francisco? The confessor of princes, the ghostly director of the Court, and the man whom the devout adore!

*Fern.* You answer strangely! I thought a pure heart, and the friendship of our venerable Patriarch, preferable to all the vanities you have named.

*P. Fran.* Each is good in its place.

*Fern.* The Patriarch has openly said, the crime of Don Alberto is pardonable.

*P. Fran. (ironically)* Has he?

*Fern.*

*Fern.* But added, Alberto would acquit himself with difficulty; for his accuser is not his friend.

*P. Fran.* The Patriarch is a man of penetration.

*Fern.* Why is this unfortunate Alberto thus persecuted? why not suffered to fly?

*P. Fran.* Is that a question? I thought Fernando had a passion for Leonora!

*Fern.* Most true! I have.

*P. Fern.* And that love could not endure impediment or competitor?

*Fern.* What do you mean?

*P. Fran.* Shallow minded man! Know you not that this Alberto, whom you pity—this persecuted youth—this fair-spoken vagrant, has dared—ay, Sir, dared to rival the brother of Padre Francisco?

*Fern.* My rival? Alberto!

*P. Fran.* He, the acquaintance of a month—a foreign pauper—a knight of industry—has robbed thee of the affections of this capricious wanton—this Leonora!

*Fern.* It cannot be! you have been deceived by an impossible calumny.

*P. Fran.* Impossible! Look at these letters—have you ever seen the hand before?

*Fern.* Gracious God! 'Tis Leonora's!—give them—let me read!

*P. Fran.* Not yet; the Patriarch must see them first; Here you will find the project of their flight—Here, too, Don Fernando is mentioned—an object to be pitied, but not to be loved—a man of some trifling virtues, and passable qualities—but, compared to her Alberto, a poor, insignificant blank.

*Fern.* Surely this is not to be believed!

*P. Fran.* 'Tis incredible, I own, that so fair haired a youth, with so smiling and so smooth a face,

face, should form stratagems to trample on the honour, and make a mockery of Don Fernando.

*Fern.* Hell! hell! where is the villain concealed?

*P. Fran.* But for my prudence, that question might have come too late; Don Fernando has now only to send him a defiance—honourable man! and suffer him to add assassination to treachery. But I will rid thee of the task of vengeance. Be it thy business to inform the Patriarch of these base amours; and in language that——why should I tell thee how to speak, or what to say? If thou hast soul, or sense to feel thy wrongs, they will best instruct thee in the manner, the language, and the art, with which they are to be rehearsed.

*Fern.* Why art? Will not the letters speak for themselves?

*P. Fran.* Simple, unpractised man! I well perceive your intervention will be dangerous; and all I ask is, that you should engage the Patriarch to suffer justice to take its course. Of the particulars I myself will inform him, knowing more than I will now repeat. Learn from me, however, if Alberto do not fall, as he well deserves, the victim of his crimes and blasphemies, thou wilt never obtain the hand of Leonora!

*Fern.* Her hand! If I cannot obtain her heart, and if it be already bestowed, her hand shall never be accepted by me. I loved her for what I deemed her high and incomparable qualities.

*P. Fran.* And such they were, and such they again may be, and thou may'st still possess her, if thou dost not with an abject spirit shrink from the contest. The Patriarch comes! If the beauty, wealth, or virtue, of Leonora, were ever dear to thee, watch and profit by the present moment.

SCENE

SCENE II. *Enter the PATRIARCH.*

*Pat.* Fernando, my friend, thy looks speak the trouble of thy heart. I know the cause; and bitterly share thy injuries.

*P. Fran.* Violante doubtless has informed your Eminence?

*Pat.* Why have you not given Leonora's letters to me?

*P. Fran.* It was my immediate purpose. (*delivering the letters.*) From my inmost heart, I lament your tainted honour; and only rejoice that heaven made me the instrument to unmask and punish the perfidious author of these injuries.

*Pat.* Great though they are, I think your conduct violent. Were it but from respect to my family, you might have acted with less precipitation.

*P. Fran.* Your eminence well knows our orders are to regard neither rank nor person.

*Pat.* Orders? You change that which is permitted, to a command. The privilege you have exerted, I grant you possess; yet had you, without tumult, demanded the fugitive of my niece, I think you would not have been refused. But the past is passed; and be it forgotten. I own the friendship you have always professed toward me would have led me to expect from you the immediate delivery of these letters.

*P. Fran.* Knowing they would disclose the imprudence of the lovely, but misguided Leonora, I was reluctant to afflict your Eminence.

*Pat.* It seems then I am under obligations to you! Yet, I should have thought them greater, had

had you begun by consulting me, and made me and my niece less the subject of public clamour, and probable detraction. Plainly to speak, Father, I think you somewhat too prompt, inconsiderate, and irritable, for a judge of the holy tribunal. The fury of zeal renders him who is possessed by it hateful; and never can accord with that meek spirit, those christian charities, and that unlimited benevolence, which men like you and me are bound to cherish and promote. The best, I own, may be misled; but he who would exceed a law, written itself in blood, is either cursed with a perverse head, or an impenetrable heart. Of this more hereafter. Where do you mean to lodge your prisoner?

*P. Fran.* Once more in the Santa Casa. But, tender of private reputation, we would avoid impertinent enquirers; and not remove him till the approach of night.

*Pat.* So. I would converse a moment with him: send him hither.

*P. Fran.* Most willingly.

### SCENE III.

*Pat.* Fernando—would I had consolation to give!

*Fern.* And, oh! would I had it to return!

*Pat.* Leonora!—How did my heart doat on her! For mine is a heart formed for individual affections, rather than for those titles, dignities, and immense domains, which have been lavished on me unsolicited. The only blessing I once wished, Heaven refused! Well—the will of Hea-

ven be done. To me is now committed the spiritual weal of a mighty empire ; to me, who want the power of bestowing happiness on the few most near and dear to me, whom adverse fortune persecutes !

*Fern.* Where is the man, whose noble qualities, and beneficent acts, better fit him for the sacred trust you hold ?

*Pat.* Called from the Brazils, and nominated Grand Inquisitor, I have been busied in seeking to reform the too flagrant abuses of the dreadful Court over which I now preside. Full of these consolatory thoughts, I arrived with a satisfied and glowing heart, to pass a happy hour with Leonora ; and here I encounter woes that perhaps will weigh me to the grave. Thoughtless Leonora ! Wretched youth ! Little didst thou think that Portugal should doom thee to so miserable a death !

*Fern.* My brother believes him the vilest and most artful of men.

*Pat.* Beware of confiding in that brother ! It grieves me thus to speak : but beware. Alberto indeed has wanted prudence, is culpable, and his flight and resistance may be fatal : still he merits our compassion. Perhaps my friend will accuse me of weakness ; but he remembers the story I once told ? Shall I confess there are in this youth such traits of resemblance to—

*Fern.* The heroine of that tale ?

*Pat.* Even her ! whom I knew at Vienna—Alberto, too, is a German, though his father was of Portugal. He comes—Remember what I have said is under the seal and silence of friendship.

*Fern.* It shall be inviolate.

SCENE.

SCENE IV. *Enter PADRE FRANCISCO.*

*P. Fran.* The prisoner approaches. I hope he will answer your Eminence with less contempt and insult than when he replied to me.

*Pat.* The noble mind should be nobly dealt with; so, if I mistake not, should he have been.

*P. Fran.* (*with somewhat of latent menace.*) I expect the decision of your Eminence on my conduct will be as inflexibly just, as it soon must be on the seducer of your niece.

*Pat.* Speak not of vengeance as if you wished it; nor be too certain that appearances have not deceived you.

SCENE V. *ALBERTO and several Alguazils.*

*Pat.* How! Loaded with irons! Why this severity, Father?

*P. Fran.* Your Eminence knows not the violence he committed.

*Pat.* You see, Don Alberto, the wrong you have done yourself by resistance: you might have spared yourself this disgrace. Pledge me your honour that you will to-morrow submit to the sacred tribunal; and that, without an express permission from me, you will not leave Lisbon.— (*Alberto is silent.*) You cannot hope to escape; these fetters are cumbrous and dishonourable; nor would I that the house of my niece should be your prison.

*Alb.* I willingly promise; but—

*Pat.* What?



*Alb.* Require me not to accept a boon or favour from that man.

*Pat.* (*casting a severe glance at Francisco, then to the Alguazils.*) Take off his chains ; go and wait my orders. (*The Alguazils retire.*)

*Alb.* I thank you, but dare not meet your eye. From you I could willingly have endured a different treatment.

*Pat.* (*to Don Fernando and Francisco.*) Indulge us a moment.

SCENE VI. *The PATRIARCH and ALBERTO.*

*Pat.* (*after a pause.*) Alberto, Alberto—look at me—Young man, my heart has beat to thee : I thought thee noble—thou hast deceived me. Thou hast struck me here !—deeply !—It was not well of thee, Alberto.

*Alb.* I cannot speak.

*Pat.* I have been young, have committed folly, ay, have known, and still too cruelly remember, what it was to love. Take warning ! for it has enpoisoned the cup of life.

*Alb.* I can suffer, but I cannot plead.

*Pat.* Thou wilt tell me thou couldst not resist the overpowering charms of Leonora ; and that thy love is as pure as her heart. It may be so ; yet, though the pangs of death should follow, the voice of duty must be obeyed. Thou must see her no more. Thinkest thou the effort too great ? I once knew a lady, thy countrywoman, loving and beloved by a youth of Portugal, nay, privately married—

*Alb.* Heavens !

*Pat.*



*Pat.* Heroic angel ! No sooner was she certain that their union would be destructive to her lover, than she petitioned and procured a divorce ; and at once to deprive him of every anxious but delusive hope, afterward fled beyond his knowledge.

*Alb.* 'Tis not to be endured !

*Pat.* Nay more, betrothed herself to another.

*Alb.* Ay ! some ready Don Fernando.

*Pat.* The sorrows thou hast brought on me I forgive : my tears shall fall in private, but not upbraid thee. This thy contest with the monks of Lisbon might be fatal. Fortunately I am thy judge, and am no fanatic persecutor ; but the laws, remember, are decisive, and condemn whoever escapes from the Santa Casa, or resists its officers, to inevitable death. My power only can save thee, on condition thou fleest from Portugal, with a sacred promise never to return.

*Alb.* This mercy is too great, yet not great enough. Noble and full of pity as you are, return me to my persecutor, for he can only inflict death ! Your generosity is more cruel. Give me to the torture, or give me Leonora ! Her you cannot give ; then be compassionate, and let me die !

*Pat.* Oh, how self-willed and headlong is youth !

*Alb.* Say rather, how overflowing with all the generous affections, which the cold hand of age too often extinguishes ! Yet in you they are not dead. Saint-like though you are, I cannot but wonder, that with a heart so sympathising and so tender, you should have doomed yourself to celibacy, rejecting the charms, the sweetness, and the love of woman, which ennobles the noblest nature, and—

*Pat.*

*Pat.* (*much moved.*) Young man—enquire not into the secrets of my heart. It has had its feelings, its sufferings, and its privations—the sight of thee brings them glowing to my memory.--- Look at me—how wonderful the likeness! Give me thy hand—Why am I thus moved? Alberto, would thou wert not a heretic! Leonora might then be thine.

*Alb.* What if my opinions were changed?

*Pat.* With open arms I would receive thee into the bosom of the church! Yet if love and not principle were thy motive---

*Alb.* Think not so meanly of me. Were there a man intimately persuaded that the two religions are equally good, if their duties be but equally observed; were there such a man; distant from his native land, removed from the fear of offending those whose prejudices or whose faith might be more fixed; would it then be guilt in him to seek for himself and others, happiness and blessings unutterable?

*Pat.* Put the question to thy conscience?

*Alb.* It has been put; and the dread of appearing a selfish and unprincipled renegade, is a torment not to be endured.

*Pat.* No human virtue can escape possible suspicion. Consider the subject again. Thy father, thou hast told me, was a Portuguese?

*Alb.* And my mother of Germany.

*Pat.* Came she from Vienna? What was her maiden name? Absurd question! What induced thee to visit Lisbon?

*Alb.* In order to go to the Brazils.

*Pat.* Indeed! Would I had met thee there!

*Alb.* Have you been resident in those parts?

*Pat.* Many years. Who comes here?

SCENE

SCENE VII. *Enter LEONORA.*

*Pat.* Your commands, young lady---

*Leon.* Young lady! No longer then your Leonora?

*Pat.* Why, girl, am I wrung by these corroding sorrows? What have I done? Alledge the cause---Cruel as thou art, hast thou found me a man of iron? Have I been so to thee? When hadst thou an ill I did not share? Of what rude act of rigour have I been guilty? Or how deserved to be shut from thy bosom, at that momentous hour when all that is most precious to life, happiness, and honour, demand unlimited confidence and counsel? From earliest infancy I have fondled thee, cherished thee, hugged thee to my bosom, partaken thy smiles and tears, and flattered me I had so wrought on thy gentle affections, that thou wert become the very transcript and counterpart of my soul! my young, flourishing, and renovated self! Why am I treated with that suspicion and avoidance which, had I been thy tyrant, 'twould be difficult to justify? Leonora, I have not deserved it of thee.

*Leon.* I have no answer. 'Twas a wicked and inexpiable crime! How has my soul yearned to unburthen its thoughts to an uncle so affectionate, just, and wise! But, Heaven is my witness, the effort was beyond me. My tongue trembled, my lips were palsied, and my faculties lost in agonizing apprehensions. I could not speak! I could only love!

*Pat.* What means this language?

2

*Leon.*

*Leon.* I can utter no other. Alas ! thus it is ; men are all alike ! Hearts ? No---marble ! marble ! Caresses, gifts, and smiles, do but make their stabs the deeper. Poison, concealed under flowers, is poison still,

*Pat.* Leonora !

*Leon.* How can they who never loved judge of lovers' pangs ? In the cells of monks they say love is a crime, and insensibility a virtue ; but here, in the world and open day, love is the sole agent ! all is governed by love !

*Alb.* Am I then the fated instrument of discord ? Do I repay friendship and affection with trouble, repining, and grief ? Miserable man !

*Leon.* Accuse not thyself, Alberto ; nor complain. Our sufferings are of no avail ; we must be sacrificed ! We are fated to fall : that honour is ours. Our innocent and pure souls will glory in the martyrdom.

*Pat.* Leonora, child, be calm ! Thy frenzied eye fills me with terror !

*Leon.* If Alberto dies, I will not live. Why should a poor creature, that has no remaining wish or hope, continue to crawl the miserable earth ?

*Pat.* Forbear thus to afflict thyself and me.

*Leon.* I wish for affliction ! I would drink of it, sleep in it, and clasp it to my heart, as the sole good that is left me ! Love being fled, eternal night succeeds ; when I would watch, and wake, and pray, and sigh, and dash my distracted forehead against the incapable rock, which my tears could not soften !

*Pat.* Why, girl, distract me with these fruitless clamours ? I would joyfully lay down life to secure thy good ; but thy demand is beyond my power. What then wouldst thou have of me ?

*Leon.*

*Leon.* Death or Alberto!

*Pat.* Take back these imprudent letters. I have not read them.

*Leon.* They are not mine. In them my thoughts, my heart, my soul, are pictured, and they are all devoted here. (*to Alberto*)

*Pat.* Take them, Alberto. You cannot forget the confidence I place in your honor; that confidence I think you will not abuse. Remain a moment with my niece. Reason with her on *her* duty, yours, and mine. Inspire her and yourself with that noble fortitude which is the crown of virtue, and the chief attribute of the noble mind.

*Alb.* It cannot be! Take my life, but ask not impossibilities. I live but in Leonora. Here, and hereafter, we are everlastingly united: nor shall prejudice, pity, or tyranny, divide us.

*Leon.* (*seeing P. Francisco*) Heavens! This bad man again!

SCENE VIII. P. FRANCISCO *enters precipitately, followed by DON FERNANDO, with a slow step and gloomy air.*

*P. Fran.* Will your Eminence grant me a word? (*Takes the Patriarch aside.*)

*Leon.* (*observing P. Francisco*) Alberto! Seest thou the eagerness of his eye?

*P. Fran.* (*giving a letter to the Patriarch*) Please, Sir, to read, and be convinced.

*Leon.* What paper is that? Some new instrument of destruction!—Perhaps we have but

H

a mo-

a moment! Rememberest thou thy promise, Alberto?

*Alb. (firmly)* I do.

*Leon.* Death or life, our fate is mutual!

*Alb.* It is,

*Leon.* Then, demon, we defy thee!

*Alb. (to Don Fernando)* What new tidings does your brother bring, Sir?

*Fern. (solemnly)* You will know too soon. Lady, I pity you.

*Pat. (having read and returned the letter, advancing angrily to Alberto)* Are you acquainted with an English nobleman?

*Alb.* I am.

*Pat.* Have you seen and conversed with him to-day?

*Leon. (rushing between them)* Forbear! Let me answer for thee—He has!

*Pat.* Had you agreed to fly this night on board an English ship?

*Leon. and Alb.* We had.

*Pat.* Leonora with you; and both disguised?

*Leon.* Both.

*Pat. (to P. Francisco)* Forgive my incredulity, good father! You are right! (*To Alberto*) What! And give your solemn promise not to leave Lisbon without my knowledge?

(*Calls*) Hola! (*A servant enters*) Send hither the Alguazils.—Perfidious seducer! Since I am thus compelled, let the laws strike.

#### SCENE IX. *The ALGUAZILS enter.*

*Pat.* Guard your prisoner, and woe befall him should he resist!

*Alb.*

*Alb.* I have no such intention.

*Leon.* But I have ! (*Draws a dagger concealed under her robe, and rushes on the Alguazils, who retreat with fear*) Who shall dare lay hand on Alberto ?

*Pat.* Art thou frantic ?

*P. Fran.* Madam ! (*Attempts to catch her arm, which she furiously raises, aiming the poniard at his breast ; but it is seized, and cast to the floor by Alberto, and taken up by Don Fernando.*)

*Leon.* (*sinking on a couch*) Oh, Alberto !

*Pat.* Call her attendants.—This letter is addressed to Donna Violante : order her not to leave the house without my permission. (*P. Francisco whispers, and sends away a servant*) My niece is under the delirium of passion ; but Violante has no such plea. Don Fernando, I will attend you to my cabinet. Yet, no : remain here. Do you, good father, come with me ?  
[Exit.

*P. Fran.* (*aside to the Alguazils*) Beware that he do not escape.  
[Exit.

## SCENE X.

*Leon.* (*following Francisco with her eye*) Wretch ! thirsting for blood ! Why, Alberto, didst thou arrest the blow ? (*To Fernando*) Give me back my poniard.

*Alb.* Is this my gentle Leonora ? By our loves I conjure thee, be tranquil.

*Leon.* Tranquil ! under agonies like mine, tranquil ! Bid me groan, and cry, and curse, or my



overcharged heart will suffocate! They would rob me of life, yet blame me for defending it!

*Alb.* Hast thou forgotten our sacred promise, Leonora? If our courage fail us not, what have we lost that was not lost before?

*Leon.* (*aside to Alberto*) What! This? (*Shewing the vial.*)

*Alb.* Even so.

*Leon.* Nay, then, if that be thy firm purpose, all is well!

*Alg.* We attend you, Sir.

*Alb.* I come. (*To Fernando*) You, Don Fernando, are a good and honourable man. Remind his Eminence, our escape was planned previous to the pledge of honour he demanded of me; and that such a pledge was never given by me in vain.

*Fern.* He shall be told. (*Fernando, from respect, keeping at a distance.*)

*Leon.* (*after a profound reverie*) Precious vial! We part, 'tis true; but we shall meet again! Ay, and soon! Disencumbered of these dregs of earth; above yon light clouds that flit along like shadows, and lighter still than they! I was too much agitated. I feel quite different now—Alberto?

*Alb.* My love!

*Leon.* They have wheels, and straining cords, and mean to try thy strength. A little cordial, though but a drop, will recruit thy powers, and bid them rally. Dost thou understand me?

*Alb.* Ay!

*Leon.* It shall be sent thee. But it must be potent. Wilt thou drink?

*Alb.* Ay!

*Leon.*

*Leon.* Leonora will pledge thee! Tell me, Fernando, at what hour the moon rises?

*Fern.* About midnight.

*Leon.* Then, about midnight, Alberto, I will regard the rising moon, and drink to the health of my beloved.

*Alb.* And I to thine.

*Leon.* Thy hand! (*To the Alguazil.*) Kind and worthy gentleman, I hope you will treat your prisoner mercifully till midnight. Wouldst thou believe it, Alberto, I have now the courage to part?—Adieu—One last embrace—(*Aside to him*) Look upward and address thy dying prayer—Oh, how happily we should have lived! Courage! Courage! Once more. (*Offering to embrace.*)

*Alb.* (*falling on his knees, and hiding his face*) Oh, Leonora!

*Leon.* Rise, Alberto. Dost thou weep? It is not well. I have no longer any tears to shed. Eyes that never are to behold thee more, ought never more to weep. There is not that thing on earth that deserves a tear. Go, Alberto! Be gone! begone! (*With her head averted*) I will forbear to see thee again.

*Alb.* (*rising*) Come, Sirs.

*Leon.* (*her head still averted*) Adieu.

*Alb.* For ever! For ever! Oh! (*The Alguazils lead him away*)

*Leon.* (*her arms extended, and with agony in her voice*) Stay! Stay! Once more! A last look! Is it denied? Alberto! Hear me! (*Follows running.*)

SCENE

SCENE XI. DONNA VIOLANTE enters, and receives LEONORA in her arms.

*Viol.* Oh, my distracted friend!

*Leon.* (after sinking on the bosom of *Violante*) He was here (putting her hand to her heart) and they have torn him away! Saw you not his parting look, *Fernando*? The setting sun, from the bosom of the deep, glimmers a dying ray; but it rises again on the morrow. Conceive you that? It rises again on the morrow! Ay, and the moon! The moon at midnight!

*Fern.* Would, lady, I could assuage your griefs!

*Leon.* Oh how compassionate is man! There never yet was wretch that died unpitied—when pity was vain and useless.

*Fern.* You do me wrong. Had *Alberto* been worthy your love—

*Leon.* Worthy! Had you intercourse? Did you ever search his heart? Was it within your stretch of understanding?

*Fern.* It may be not.

*Leon.* I have. 'Twas noble! I am his witness, and am not undeserving your belief. I have thought worthily of you, and there should, methinks, have been sympathy between *Alberto* and *Don Fernando*.

*Fern.* Perhaps I have been misled. If so, I would be his first defender.

*Leon.* Indeed! Why then there is a favor.

*Fern.* Name it.

*Leon.* Intercede, that I may see him once again. But for a moment.

*Fern.* I will, and hope I shall prevail.

*Leon.*

*Leon.* This evening—two hours before midnight—should midnight be past—heavens! You have promised?

*Fern.* My word is sacred.

*Viol.* Your brother comes. Retire, my friend.

*Leon.* 'Twas barbarous madness in me to send him so suddenly away—Before midnight! Remember! Before midnight, full two hours, or I shall think your promise forfeited. Oh, Alberto!  
 [Exeunt VIOLANTE and LEONORA.]

SCENE XII. Enter P. FRANCISCO.

*P. Fran.* Lo you, how they fly the very rustling of my robe!

*Fern.* Would they did not!

*P. Fran.* And why? 'Tis their proper guilt they fear. The Patriarch, feeble of temper, shrinks from the storm: Angry though he is, he yet has doubts; all therefore depends on thee.

*Fern.* Me?

*P. Fran.* Thou must remind him of Alberto's perfidy, and feed his provocation. What means that sombre brow?

*Fern.* Thy office is the ministry of peace. Why is thy nature thus cruel?

*P. Fran.* How! Are these my thanks? Is thus my friendship for thee recompensed?

*Fern.* Brother, I would well believe my welfare is thy only prompter; but, grant it be, Leonora never can be mine. Another love is rooted in her heart.

*P. Fran.* Vain phantoms! Knowest thou not woman better? I am a confessor: I hear the secrets of the sex. Who is she that marries with  
 a vir-

a virgin love? Beside: The laws demand Alberto's life. Did I make, or can I change them? Why how thou lookest! Were I to shew thee this letter, and were it seen by the Patriarch, where were then thy hopes? The arrogant Alberto would haughtily confront us, abjure his heresy, lead Leonora to the altar, and the mild, the meek, the civil Don Fernando should fill the train, and stand the decided witness of his rival's triumph!

*Fern.* Fiends! (*Pause*) What is thy purpose? Dost thou delight to torture *me* too? Why am I thus wrought upon?

*P. Fran.* Be at once explicit, or I will deliver up the letter, and to-morrow's sun shall see this glorious ceremony! Wilt thou second me, and work upon the Patriarch?

*Fern.* First say whose letter is it, and what are its contents?

*P. Fran.* Poison to *thy* hopes and mine! One found upon Alberto, addressed to the archbishop of San Salvador, and by Alberto to be delivered.

*Fern.* Is he ignorant that the late archbishop of the Brazils is now the Patriarch of Portugal?

*P. Fran.* Yes: happily for thee. Nor dreams he what are the strange events this paper brings to light.

*Fern.* Was it then sealed?

*P. Fran.* Thrice most carefully.

*Fern.* And broken by thee?

*P. Fran.* By me! Fortunate that I am to have it in my possession!—What mean these insulting glances?

*Fern.* Francisco! This is a villainous act!

*P. Fran.*

*P. Fran.* Villainous! Darest thou address that word to me?

*Fern.* Ay, to thee! And hateful am I to myself, that I am of thy kindred.

*P. Fran.* Ha! Hast thou forgotten I am Francisco? The head of my order, the confessor of majesty, the inquisitor of the sacred tribunal! Have its dark chambers, racks and deaths innumerable, lost their terrors? Knowest thou not that at my frown, my bidding, thy body would disperse through all its native elements, till not an atom remained, in proof thou once hadst being?

*Fern.* I long have doubted, but I do at length believe thou less art man than monster! Yet, if thou thinkest I possess not enough of thy own impenetrable frontery to bid thy threats defiance, thou knowest me as little as thou knowest thyself.

*P. Fran.* And is it thus? Braved by a thing so tame?

*Fern.* On the instant I'll to the Patriarch.

*P. Fran.* Wilt thou, fool? Not quite so fast. What, ho! Officers! (*Aside*) Curse on my thoughtless haste! I had forgotten—they are absent—Fernando, these broils are lunacy.

*Fern.* No, they are the fortunate clue to the dark recesses of thy heart.

*P. Fran.* And canst thou think thus of me? Oh Nature! Oh Man! What art thou? Who shall count on friendship, fraternity, or kindred feelings, if thus a sudden start of passion can uproot the fixed affections, dissolve all ties, and paint the brightest virtues in the blackest hues of vice! Have I deserved this of thee, Fernando? After years of acknowledged sanctity, am I so suddenly become all demon in thy thoughts?

I

*Fern*

*Fern.* Seek not by thy wiles again to blind me.

*P. Fran.* Are we not the sons of one mother? Have I not, through life, sought thy welfare, and been thy proved and resolute friend? What else am I now? If I err, what but a brother's love misleads my too affectionate heart?

*Fern.* Thy heart, Francisco? Thy heart is false! It wars with thy tongue! Its gangrene mounts in thy morbid cheek, distorts thy features, and rolls in thy discoloured eye.

*P. Fran.* Fatal error! Miserable lapse of human frailty! What have I done? Were I all thy angry unkind thoughts suspect, once more, I am thy brother. Dost thou level at my life?

*Fern.* I have no dark chambers. I am no Inquisitor.

*P. Fran.* What torture could I inflict, equal to that thou threatenest? Have I for this endured the rigors of monastic rule; fasting, prayer, and penance; the willing sackcloth and merciless self-castigation: have I by pious course and holy penalties seen the people prostrate, whenever I left my cell, and their masters crouching for my benediction; and shall the mighty fabric of my well but hard earned fame and power be swept to ruins, by the breath of a mistaken cruel brother?

*Fern.* Wretched man! What demon led thee through these devious paths? Alas! It was ambition. Give me that letter.

*P. Fran.* For what purpose?

*Fern.* Canst thou still ask? For the Patriarch!

*P. Fran.* Not for worlds! I have broken the seal. The impetuous ardor of a brother's love urged me to this dangerous and desperate act. Will that brother betray me; and for a deed of

which I cannot yet repent ? Oh ! 'tis a document worth a kingdom ! The Patriarch speaks thee kindly, and talks in soft and faint like terms, and thou, good soul, believest : but here I have evidence--

*Fern.* Of what !

*P. Fran.* Licentious pleasures, carnal appetites, and sin, and shame !

*Fern.* I cannot believe thee ! I demand the proofs.

*P. Fran.* Art thou my brother ? Am I to be betrayed ?

*Fren.* I'll make no compromise. The proofs, or they shall be wrested from thee.

*P. Fran.* (*aside*) Shall they ? Headlong idiot ! Thou mayst yet repent.

*Fern.* This is a fearful moment ; in which deaths and murders may be generating. I'll linger no longer. (*Going*).

*P. Fran.* Fernando ! Brother !—Come back.

*Fern.* Wilt thou be open and honest ?

*P. Fran.* What am I other ? But I'll be whatever thou shalt dictate.

*Fern.* The Patriarch is a good and holy man ; to that I'll pledge my soul.

*P. Fran.* Wilt thou ? Thy zeal is burning ! But he is thy friend. And what more moves my wonder, so is his son.

*Fern.* Whose son ?

*P. Fran.* The Patriarch's ! That holy man's, for whom thy soul is pledged !—Nay, gaze not ! 'Tis written here, I tell thee. Alberto is his son.

*Fern.* Alberto !



*P. Fran.* He.

*Fern.* Miraculous powers !

*P. Fran.* When sent on embassy to the Emperor's Court, in wanton dalliance, there this fainted Patriarch took liberal delight ; and there upsprung this ruddy boy.

*Fern.* At Vienna !

*P. Fran.* So say these precious pages : for 'tis a long epistle, thou see'st.

*Fern.* By whom written ?

*P. Fran.* The mother of the youth.

*Fern.* And sent, the contents unknown to Alberto, sealed and addressed to his father ?

*P. Fran.* Whom he knows not to be his father ! Even so ! Wilt thou not now partake my joy ? See'st thou not I have him in my gripe ; and that, though the title of Patriarch be his, the power and place are mine, and Portugal is at my feet ?

*Fern.* Misguided man ! How do thy impetuous passions hurry thee blind fold forward ! Where is the Patriarch's crime ? He had not then vowed celibacy. 'Twas the ambition of his friends, and their glutton eagerness of dignities and wealth, that forced him to the act.

*P. Fran.* I tell thee, this paper makes him *my* slave and thine ! Timid and shaken as he is by every windy fear, unless thou art the veriest driveller that lives, our nod henceforth is law !

*Fern.* Away ! Thou art thyself that driveller ; incredibly besotted, by senseless and damning vice ; and horribly irreclaimable !

*P. Fran.* Brother—

*Fern.* What means that ghastly smile ?

*P. Fran.*

*P. Fran.* Thou art a worthy man—I knew thee to be such—Incapable of any act of baseness, as my heart could wish.

*Fern.* Why how now?

*P. Fran.* Come, come! I have kept thee in suspense too long! We'll to the Patriarch together. This letter shall be delivered—by thee—or me—It is indifferent. Of the accident by which it came into my hands, and of the broken seals, all honourable explanation shall be given. Nay, doubt me not! What canst thou doubt, if this be done? Away then! Come! Thou shalt find how truly I am thy brother.

*Fern.* Heavens! What ambiguous and bewildering arts are thine?—Francisco---Thou art a——

*P. Fran.* Once more, come; and prove what I am.

*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT

## A C T V.

SCENE I. *A spacious Gallery, with religious Paintings, Crucifixions, Magdalens, Saints, and the veiled Image of the Holy Virgin, in the Recess over an Altar; on which are large Wax Tapers.*

LEONORA, *with a Letter, and VIAL, and*  
LICIA, *waiting.*

LEONORA. (*Looking at her Watch*).

THE hour is past, and Alberto comes not! He comes no more! Fernando has deceived me. Such are the promises of men! (*Reads her letter*) "I send thee a last remembering line, my love: but I cannot write. 'Tis a thing too slow for my impetuous and distracted thoughts. Fernando promised I should see thee once again: but promises are words. Midnight will soon be here: we are never more to meet. I send thee the cordial. Remember the rising of the moon, and pledge me. 'Tis the nuptial cup, presented by thy virgin bride. Two hours hence, where shall we be? Thinkest thou the soul will not rise swifter than the moon? Oh, ay! and brighter too! Drink then to *Leonora*." Licia take these (*giving a letter, vial, and purse*). Give the the money to the Alguazil, who, for my uncle's sake and mine, will deliver the letter

letter and the vial to Alberto. Lose not a moment ; but order that they drive with all speed, and wing thee back with my lord and husband's answer.

[*Exit Licia.*]

*Leon. (walks solemnly to the Altar, draws the curtain that hides the Virgin, with awe, and drops on her knees).* Queen of earth and heaven, beneficent intercessor to thy meek and merciful Son, pure and celestial mother, in this dread moment hear, oh, hear my prayer ! Prevail that we find pardon at the throne of grace : We are persecuted, driven to desperate acts ; hunted to the toils of death ; but though our wills are weak, our hearts are unoffending. Omnipotent Justice will not inflict its horrid and intolerable tortures, if the bewildered soul, forced upon evils, knows not which to chuse ! Hear, protectress, hear ! turn aside the thunder of avenging wrath ; and, since life is here denied, receive our parting spirits, and, oh ! suffer us to live hereafter !

SCENE II. *Enter VIODANTE.*

*Viol.* Poor penitent ! yonder she kneels. Leonora !

*Leon. (rising)* My friend !

*Viol.* I have been seeking thee through every chamber, Fernando sent me.

*Leon.* To say he could not prevail ?

*Viol.* Oh, no. He was here, long and loud in debate with Padre Francisco. I durst not approach, but thought they quarrelled, till I saw them depart in amity. Yet both seemed disturbed ;

turbed; and Fernando, seeing me, called, and conjured me to hasten and quiet thy alarms; for that his brother had news for the Patriarch, that would bring most unexpected peace and happiness to all.

*Leon.* He! That man! Impossible!

*Viol.* Francisco smiled, and signified assent; but 'twas a smile such as I never saw from human face before! It could not but denote some dreadful perturbation of the soul.

*Leon.* Happiness from that wicked man! Oh, no, Violanto!

### SCENE III. DON MANUEL.

*Viol.* Now, Don Manuel! Why this hasty step, and wild appearance?

*Leon.* (*Sudden terror*) Is he dead!

*Man.* Alberto lives.

*Leon.* Thou hast something terrible to tell.

*Man.* Don Fernando?

*Viol.* What of him?

*Man.* Seized, chained, and imprisoned!

*Viol.* At whose command?

*Man.* His brother's.

*Leon.* Incomparable fiend!

*Man.* My eye caught them as I left the Santa Casa, where I had been on enquiries after Alberto, and to elude them I stepped aside; The Friar was arm in arm with Fernando; in apparent fraternal union, and kind discourse. I watched them as they approached, and saw the glances of Francisco cast first around, then darting on the Alguazil: whom, when he came up, he suddenly commanded

manded to seize Fernando. His voice was terrible; and, with a quick turn and sinewy force, he caught his brother's other arm, holding them both, till instantly the surrounding guard confined the prisoner.

*Viol.* Did the Alguazil so readily obey?

*Man.* At the first moment, he hesitated; but a second thundering and dreadfully stern command robbed him of all thought.

*Viol.* And said Fernando nothing?

*Man.* After a struggle to be free, he was about to speak: but, being then held by the guard, Francisco, with the same active force, his handkerchief at the prisoner's mouth, and calling him blaspheming heretic, prevented all articulation; except that I heard Fernando exclaim—"The Patriarch!"—which, as I thought, he several times endeavoured to repeat.

*Leon.* Oh, horrible monster! Why, Manuel, didst thou not fly to seek my uncle?

*Man.* I knew not but he might be here: though I dispatched a messenger to Bellem.

*Leon.* Hark! I hear the clatter of horses! Licia is returned. I'll to the Santa Casa myself, and force an entrance; or shake the foundations with my shrieks and cries!

*Viol.* We will go with you; though 'tis vain to hope admittance.

*Leon.* I will be admitted! I am Alberto's wife.

*Viol. and Man.* His wife!

*Leon.* I am the Patriarch's niece. They shall not, dare not shut me out. There yet is time; it is not midnight, the moon has not risen. Watch it, Alberto, if the grating of thy dungeon will

K

permit.

permit. I come my love! Be not in too much haste to die! Wait for thy Leonora! I come!

[*Exeunt.*]

**SCENE IV.** *The Dungeons of the Santa Casa, with large Gratings toward the Top, through which the Horizon and Stars are seen. A high Gallery, leading to the Cells, which are lighted by a Lamp attached to the Wall.*

*ALBERTO chained to the ground at the farther part.*

*Alb.* Oh, man, man! Is there in creation aught that equals thee in senseless rage, savage hatred, and fiend-like cruelty? The tiger, more merciful, at once devours his prey: but the thirst of man cannot be satiated with blood alone—Where, Leonora, is thy promised cordial? It comes not! Do thy fond fears forbid? Am I reserved for the rack? or art thou, perhaps, already dead? Peerless woman! Never was there love that equalled thine! (*P. Francisco is seen coming along the gallery, conducted by the Alguazil*) What sounds are these? Perhaps 'tis the messenger of Leonora.

**SCENE V.** *The door of the cell is unbolted, and P. FRANCISCO enters with the ALGUAZIL.*

*Alg.* Yonder he is stretched.

*P. Fran.* Give me again that vial and letter. (*Sternly*) How came it you suffered the meddling minx that brought them to escape?

*Alg.*

*Alg.* She is the attendant of the Patriarch's niece.

*P. Fran.* What then?

*Alg.* I feared—

*P. Fran.* Feared! Do you presume to have fears?

*Alg.* My office—

*P. Fran.* Silence! (*Walks agitated, and breaks into soliloquy*) Imbecile fool!—*My* brother? Coward! Pitiful coward!—At such a moment? Beauty, wealth, and honours for *him*! For *me*, authority unlimited! Power that would have spurned opposition, like a dog from under its feet? And falter then? Shake then with idiot apprehendings, and pretend 'tis honesty? Oh! slave, beast, sordid, groveling, despicable, reptile! Honest? He that is villain to himself is the worst of villains!—The occasion apt, the means sure, the end glorious, to be so near the pinnacle and then to fall!—To the bottom with him then: but I'll mount, though multiplied deaths harbinger my passage, though bones pave my way, and skulls become my stepping stones! I'll reach the summit yet; and, there fixed, brave the storms, the thunders, and the wreck of elements!

*Alg.* (*in the back ground*) He is strangely disturbed.

*P. Fran.* Ay?—So?—It may be!—Of that which is not, no man is secure. No deep foresight, no courage, or contrivance, so can fetter chance as to make the future the slave of the present—Idolized to day, to-morrow indexed as the scourge of my kind! the wretch to whom



friendship and paternity were but a scoff, religion a mask, and murder a familiar! A monster, to be hunted *from* the world and *beyond* the world; whom chorus curses shall pursue to the gates of death and hell, as a thing most execrable and abhorred!—'Tis even thus! Uncertainty is the incessant spectre, that haunts the dark paths of enterprise: presenting dreadful possibilities; at which, even I, while I face them, do horribly shake!

*Alg.* Hark!—Reverend Padre, I hear voices, as coming from the prison gate.

*P. Fran.* Fly! Learn what, and who; and bring me instant notice. *[Exit ALGUAZIL.]*

#### SCENE VI.

*P. Fran.* 'Tis an eventful moment, leading to a golden hereafter, or full fraught with destruction—What, ho! Alberto!—Speak man!—Knowest thou not my voice?

*Alb.* Away, wretch! Disturb me not.

*P. Fran.* I thought, o'er this, the fever of thy blood were swaged. Will no wholesome lesson teach thee less contempt? The lion, caged, is submissive to his keeper.

*Alb.* But tears him if he rashly venture in his den.—Then keep aloof!

*P. Fran.* Foolish boy, scornful and blind to every proffered good, I come to bring thee consolation. Wouldst thou believe it, stripling? I am the messenger from thy inamorata! Leonora sends a fond epistle, and a strengthening cordial.

*Alb.* A golden vial?

*P. Fran.* Ay, does it rejoice thee? Approach—Thou canst not? Did I not warn thee to what thy taunts and stubbornness would lead?

—But, come, I'll have compassion. (*Frees him from the wall chain*) There too is thy bauble, thy precious vial. Am I not kind?

*Alb.* Ay, Moloch! Kinder than thou thinkst.

*P. Fran.* Thou ape of heroism! As if I knew not why 'tis sent. Here, fool, is her funeral song. (*Shewing the letter*). In this she promises to pledge thee. Good! 'Tis as I would have it.

*Alb.* What! Wilfully suffer us to die, and escape more torture?

*P. Fran.* Yes. It is become convenient to me.

*Alb.* Merciful demon, I thank thee——Oh, my love! Could we but have met once more, might we, in one last embrace, have fallen together, death would have come smiling to my arms.

*P. Fran.* There is thy letter.

*Alb.* Can there be so much of human in thee? (*Retires near the lamp and reads*).

#### SCENE VII. *The ALGUAZIL returns.*

*P. Fran.* Now! who is without?

*Alg.* The lady Leonora, with tears, cries, and threats, demanding admission to her lover.

*Alb.* Leonora!—Oh, that 'twere possible she might come!

*P. Fran.* (*Considering*). What if---Yes---'twere best. Here she is in my power---(*Whispers the Alguazil, who goes off*).

#### SCENE VIII.

*P. Fran.* Youth, thou hast grossly railed; but charity is liberal, and virtue patient. Perhaps,

haps, were I to give her entrance, thou wouldst again insult?

*Alb.* No! Do that, and I will praise even thee!

*P. Fran.* Ha! the heretic can be kind it seems.

*Alb.* She will not ask to tarry long.

*P. Fran.* Haply till midnight?

*Alb.* Thou art prophetic!

*P. Fran.* The rising of the moon?

*Alb.* Ay; some minutes after, and neither of us will resist thy will.

*P. Fran.* Thou talkest loudly of honor, and I should hope will keep thy promise?

*Alb.* Oh! Most sacredly!

*P. Fran.* Enough. She shall come.---She is here.

*Alb.* Merciful Inquisitor!

*P. Fran.* Ha, ha, ha!

[Exit.

SCENE IX. *Enter LEONORA, they stand for a moment fixed,*

*Alb.* Leonora!

*Leon.* Alberto!

*Alb.* (*Running into her arms*) Do I clasp thee again?

*Leon.* Do I again behold thee?

*Alb.* Oh, paradise! Give me but Leonora, and here, in this darkness and these damps, I should enjoy a blissful eternity.

*Leon.* No, Alberto: we must seek brighter regions. Horrors do but accumulate.—Hast thou received my vial?

*Alb.* Francisco gave it me himself, with a malign

malignant pleasure that shewed he knew its purpose.

*Leon.* Inconceivable monster! Not satisfied with our blood, he now seeks his brother's.

*Alb.* Fernando's?

*Leon.* Has imprisoned, denounced him heretic, and accused him of blasphemy.

*Alb.* Oh, miscreant! And why?

*Leon.* There is some secret known to both the brothers; and favourable, as I guess, to thee: therefore the sanguinary friar, resolved my uncle shall not hear it, scruples not to sacrifice Fernando.

*Alb.* Heavens! I now perceive the drift of his apparent pity. From the letter thou sentest, he learns our wish to die together; and grants it: fearful thou shouldst see the Patriarch.

*Leon.* Ay: the doors are barred upon us! Here we are entombed!

*Alb.* Leonora! My love! My bride!—Miserable man! I am thy destroyer! I have brought death on *thee*, disgrace on thy name and family, and an old age of intolerable wretchedness on thy fainted uncle.

*Leon.* (*after a reverie*) Alberto—There is yet a ray of hope. Happiness still me thinks were possible. What if we defer death, and wait awhile!

*Alb.* Ay, Leonora: do my love.

*Leon.* Nay, but thou wilt likewise?

*Alb.* It cannot be, I have well reflected, and would die, as I have wished to live, worthy my Leonora. Death, mere death, I can meet unmoved, as the rock whistled at by the wind. But what courage shall be certain there is no excess of torture can wring out one degrading groan?

Who

Who shall say, when the limbs writhe, the sinews crack, and the distorted eye-balls start from the head, agonizing nature shall not relent and make him coward? Were I to quail, were I to shrink, to shed a tear, or were one cry to escape, oh!—I think this would not be: but, should it? Madness! It is not to be endured.

*Leon.* Nor shall it, my love. Why did I dream of hope? Day-light, life, and happiness, are not for us. (*Shewing another vial*). Look thee: I too am provided. Pledge me, then. And see! Behold our appointed signal, the lovely rising moon; bright in smiles, and approving the sacrifice. Come! Drink! (*presents the vial to her lips*).

*Alb.* Stay!—Leonora, hear thy husband! Change thy cruel intent! Change it, I say! Horror! Horror! Blooming as thou art in every youthful grace, alive to every virtue, capable of every bliss, to see thee swallow death, to witness the deed of which I am myself the cause, and to know 'tis impossible thou shouldst again be Leonora, oh! Spare me! lest my brain burst; and, in my sudden frenzy, I lose all sense of love, and with these impious hands despoil and mangle the beauties I adore!

*Leon.* (*firmly*) Alberto, meanest thou to die?

*Alb.* To me, death is inevitable.

*Leon.* And thinkest thou I will live?—I thought our hearts had more sympathy. I would not die reproaching thee.

*Alb.* Mercy, Leonora! Mercy!

*Leon.* (*With the vial*) Wilt thou pledge me?

*Alb.* To the last drop.

*Leon.*

*Leon.* Come then. Thus. (*with her arm over his shoulder*). Thy arm the same. Clasping and clasped, thus shall our souls take flight. To Alberto, love and eternal union! (*They raise the poison to their lips, and a distant but awful voice calls---*) Forbear!

*Alb* Hark!

*Leon.* 'Twas nothing. Come.

(*The voice nearer, and more loud*) Forbear!  
(*Pause*).

*Leon.* 'Tis my uncle's voice! Happiness may yet be ours! (*They drop the vials, light is seen in the Gallery, the Patriarch, Fernando, Manuel, Violante, Alguazil, and Attendants, hasten along and descend*).

## SCENE X.

*Pat.* (*without*) Dispatch (*The doors are unbolted and they enter, the Patriarch running up to the lovers*).

*Pat.* Alberto! Earth and heaven! Speak! Is it past? (*Sees the vials*) The vials empty! Then misery is complete! My son, my son!

*Alb.* No: we have not drunk.

*Pat.* Have not?

*Leon.* No.

*Pat.* (*Falls on his knees, clasping his hands*) Father of mercies! (*Alberto and Leonora raising him*) Alberto! My son! Leonora! Oh joy! Oh! (*Sinks in their arms*).

*Fern.* Wonder not. Strange things are to be told.

*Leon.* But are we safe? And thou, too! where is thy brother?

*I.*

*Fern.*

*Fern.* Wretched man ! The blow he aimed at others has struck himself.

*Alb.* He is not dead ?

*Fern.* No ; but dangerously wounded by his own desperate hand. Finding himself discovered, he gave the stroke, which he thought mortal. The terrors of guilt then shook his soul ; and, revealing all he knew, he warned us to fly and save you from the poison.

*Pat.* Oh my children ! But I have no utterance. Well, well ! I never was a persecutor. Had I been such, these awful events would have been tenfold terrible. Oh, let not man, whose opinions are light and shifting as Arabian sands, presume to use religion's sacred name ; and, if his own imperfect creed be questioned, deal out all the mischiefs his frenzy shall suggest, on his peaceful and suffering brother.

[EXEUNT OMNES.]

PROF. H. G. FIEDLER.

## EPILOGUE.

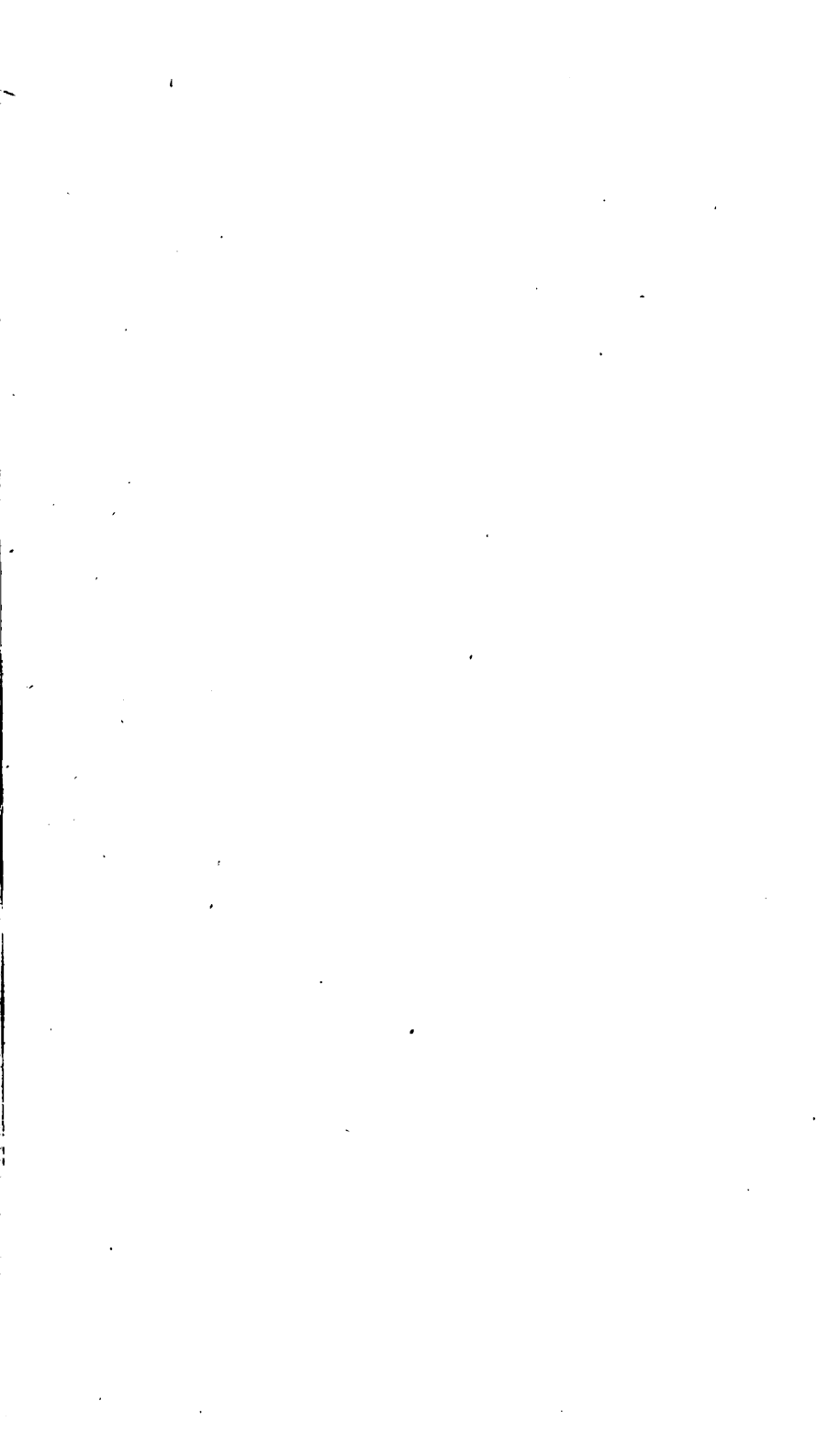
*Spoken by Mrs. HARLOWE.*

A NEW Play just ended, and low dropt the curtain,  
The Epilogue follows :—there's nothing more certain :  
So, as I've had but little concern in the story,  
In *propria persona* I venture before ye ;  
To beg that, henceforth, from this stage you would banish  
Such woe-begone Dramas :—make Tragedy vanish !  
And let gay Thalia resume her lov'd station !  
Or, if sad Melpomene must have rotation,  
Let her dagger be sharp, and her poison-bowl brimful,  
As Cowflip's, who brings Rusty-fusty one, creamful :  
Let Juliet quite stabb'd be, and Romeo quite poison'd ;  
And let not, by signal of moon just horizon'd,  
A Patriarch pop in, 'tween the cup and the lip so,  
Nor the Hero and Heroine dally and sip so !

This stage should be sacred—no, that word don't suit it ;  
But humour again and again should recruit it :  
Instead of the trumpet, shrill fife, and loud drum here,  
New Panglosses should still, with quotations pat, come here ;  
New Tully's should blunder---but hold, let me stop—  
The tear of compassion I'm ready to drop !  
Britannia ! Hibernia ! Oh, short may your strife be !  
Nor lost in the contest another dear life be !  
Then, Britain's wide empire all firmly united,  
At French, Dutch, or Spaniard, oh, who would be frightened ?  
Britannia triumphant o'er Ocean shall thunder,  
And be, to Time's end, of all nations the wonder !



PROF. H. G. FIEDLER







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